

POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

By the *R. H.* the *E. of R.*



L O N D O N,

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*An Epistolary Essay from M.
G. to O. B. upon their Mutual
Poems.*

Dear Sir,

I Hear this Town does so abound
With sawey Censurers, that faults are found
With what, of late, We (in Poetick rage)
Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age;
But (how soe're Envy, their spleens may raise,
To rob my brows of the deserved Bays)
Their thanks, at least I merit, since through me,
They are partakers of your Poetry :
And this is all I'll say in my defence, }
T' obtain one Line of your well-worded sence, }
I'd be content t' have writ the *British Prince*.
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd,
But from a Rule I have (upon long tryal)
T' avoyd with care all sort of self denial.
Which way so're desire, and fancy lead,
(Contemning Fame) that Path I boldly tread;
And if, exposing what I take for wit, }
To my dear self a pleasure I beget, }
No matter tho the cens'ring Criticks fret.
Those whom my Muse displeases, are at strife,
With equal spleen against my course of life,
The least delight of which, I'll not forgo,
For all the flatt'ring praise, *Man* can bestow.

If I design'd to please, the way were then,
 To mend my manners, rather than my Pen :
 The first's unnatural, therefore unfit,
 And for the second, I despair of it,
 Since Grace is near as hard to get as Wit.
 Perhaps ill Verses, ought to be confin'd,
 In meer good breeding, like unsav'ry Wind :
 Were reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think,
 Men might no more write scurvily, than stink :
 But 'tis your choice, whether you'll read or no,
 If likewise of your smelling it were so,
 I'd Fart just as I write, for my own ease,
 Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.
 I'll own, that you writ better than I do,
 But I have as much need to write as you.
 What though the Excrements of my dull Brain,
 Flows in a harsher and insipid strain ;
 Whil'st your rich Head, eases it self of Wit,
 Must none but *Civit Cats* have leave to shit ?
 In all I write, shou'd Sence, and Wit, and Rhym
 Fail me at once, yet something so-sublime,
 Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see,
 It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me ;
 And that's my end, for Man can wish no more,
 Than so to write, as none e're write before.
 Yet why am I no Poet of the times,
 I have Allusions, Similies and Rhymes,
 And Wit, or else 'tis hard that I alone,
 Of the whole Race of Mankind shou'd have none
 Unequally the giving Hand of Heav'n,
 Has all but this one only blessing giv'n.
 The World appears like a great Family,
 Whose Lord oppress'd with Pride and Poverty.

That to a few great bounty he may show,
 Is fain to strave the num'rous Train below.
 Just so seems Fortune, She's as poor and vain,
 In striving to support, but can't maintain.
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
 And for one Prince, it makes ten thousand Slaves.
 In Wit alone, 't has been Magnificent,
 Of which so Just a share to each is sent,
 That the most Avaricious are content.
 For none e're thought (the due Division's such)
 His own too little, or his Friends too much.
 Yet most Men shew, or find, great want of Wit,
 Writing themselves, or Judging what is writ,
 But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
 Look on Mankind, as envious, and dull.
 Born to my self, my self I like alone,
 And must conclude my Judgement good, or none,
 For cou'd my sence be naught, how shou'd I know.
 Whether another Mans were good or no ?
 Thus I resolve on my own Poetry,
 That 'tis the best, and there's a Fame for me.
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
 Whither to Merit due, or Arrogance ?
 Oh? but the World will take offence hereby,
 Why then the World shall suffer for't, not I :
 Did e're the sawcy World and I agree,
 To let it have its beastly will on me.
 Why shou'd my prostituted sence be drawn,
 To ev'ry Rule their musty Customes Spawn ?
 But Men will censure you ; 'Tis two to one,
 When e're they censure they'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on Earth that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false, as common Fame.

It calls the Courtier Knave, the plain Man rude,
 Haughty the Grave, and the Delightful lewd,
 Impertinent the Brisk, Morose the Sad,
 Mean the Familiar, the Reserv'd one Mad.
 Poor helpless Woman, is not favour'd more,
 She's a sly Hipocrite, or publick Whore.
 Then who the Devil, wou'd give this--to be free
 From th' Innocent reproach of infamy?
 These things consider'd make me (in despite
 Of idle Rumour) keep at home and write.

S A T I R.

Were I (who to my cost already am
 One of those strange prodigious Creatures
 Man.)

A Spirit free to choose for my own share,
 What case of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
 I'd be a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, or a *Bear*,
 Or any thing; but that vain *Animal*,
 Who is so proud of being Rational.
 The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A sixth, to contradict the other five;
 And before certain Instinct, will prefer
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
 Reason that *Ignis fatuus* in the mind,
 Which leaving light of Nature, (sense) behind;
 Pathless and dang'rous wandring ways it takes,
 Through *Errors*, *Fenny-Boggs*, and *Thorny-Brakes*;
 Whilst the misguided follower, climbs with pain,
 Mountains of whimses, heap'd in his own Brain:
 Stum-

Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong
(down,

Into doubts boundless Sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try,
To swim with Bladders of *Phylosophy* :

In hopes still 't oretake the Skipping light,

The *Vapour* dances in his dazzling sight,

Till spent, it leaves him to Eternal Night.

Then old age and experience, hand in hand,

Lead him to Death, and make him understand,

After a search so painful and so long,

That all his life he has been in the wrong ;

Huddled in dirt, the reasoning *Engine* lies,

Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise ;

Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,

And makes him venture to be made a Wretch.

His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy.

Aiming to know that World he shou'd enjoy ;

And Wit was his vain frivolous pretence,

Of pleasing others at his own expence.

For Wits are treated just like common Whores,

First they're enjoy'd and then kickt out of doors,

The pleasure past, a threatning Doubt remains,

That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.

Women and Men of Wit, are dangerous Tools,

And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Pleasure allures, and when the *Fops* escape,

'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate,

And therefore what they fear, at least they hate,

And now methinks some formal Band and Beard,

Takes me to task; Come on Sir, I'm prepar'd.

Then by your favour, any thing that's writ

Against this gibeing jingling knack call'd Wit,

Likes me abundantly, but you'l take care,

Upon this point, not to be too severe.

Per-

*Perhaps my Muse, were fitter for this part,
 For I profess, I can be very smart
 On Wit, which I abhor with all my heart :
 I long to lash it in some sharp Essay,
 But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
 And turns my Tide of Ink another way.
 What rage ferments in your degen'rate mind,
 To make you rail at Reason and Mankind ?
 Blest glorious Man ! to whom alone kind Heav'n,
 An everlasting Soul has freely giv'n ;
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the Image take ;
 And this fair frame in shining Reason drest,
 To dignifie his Nature above Beast.
 Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
 We take a flight beyond material sense,
 Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limites of the Universe,
 Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
 And give the World true grounds of hope and fear.
 Hold mighty Man, I cry ; all this we know ;
 From the Pathetique Pen of Ingelo ;
 From *Patrick's Pilgrim*, *Sibb's Colloquies*
 And 'tis this very Reason I despise.
 This supernatural gift, that makes a Mite,
 Think he's the Image of the Infinite :
 Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
 To the Eternal, and the ever blest.
 This busie, puzzling, stirrer up of doubt,
 That frames deep Mysteries, then finds 'em out ;
 Filling with frantick Crowds of thinking Fools,
 Those Reverend *Bedlams*, *Colledges*, and *Schools* :
 Born on whose Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
 The Limits of the boundless Universe :*

So charming Oyntments, make an Old Witch flie,
 And bear a Crippled Carcass thro' the Skie.
 'Tis this exalted pow'r, whose bus'ness lies
 In nonsense and impossibilities :
 This made a whimsical Philosopher,
 Before the spacious World, his Tub prefer.
 And we have modern Cloyster'd Coxcombs, who
 Retire to think, 'cause they have nough't to do.
 But thoughts were giv'n for Actions Government,
 Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.
 Our Sphere of Action is Lifes happiness,
 And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass.
 Thus, whilst against false reas'ning I inveigh,
 I own right Reason, which I wou'd obey :
 That Reason, that distinguishes by sense,
 And gives us Rules of good and ill from thence :
 That bounds desires, with a reforming will,
 To keep 'em more in vigour, not to kill.
 Your Reason hinders, mine helps t'enjoy,
 Renewing Appetites yours wou'd destroy.
 My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat;
 Hunger call's out, my Reason bids me eat,
 Perverfly yours your Appetite does mock,
 This asks for Food, that answers what's a Clock ?
 This plain distinction Sir your doubt secures,
 Tis not *true* Reason I despise, but *yours*.
 Thus, I think Reason righted ; but for Man,
 'll e nere recant, defend him if you can.
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,
 'Tis evident, Beasts are in their degree
 As wise at least, and Act as well as he.
 Those Creatures are the wisest who attain,
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore Fowler finds, and kills his Hares
 Better than those supply'd committeeCairs, Though

Though one a Man was, the other but a Hound,
Fowler in Justice wou'd be wiser found.

You see how far Mans wisdom here extends ;
 Look next if Humane Nature makes amends.
 Whose Principles, most generous are and just,
 And to whose Morals you wou'd sooner trust.
 Be Judg your self, I'll bring it to the Test,
 Which is the basest Creature, Man, or Beast ?
 Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,
 But Savage-Man alone, does Man betray :
 Prest by necessity *they* kill for Food,
 Man undoes Man, to do himself no good :
 With Teeth, and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
 Natures allowance, to supply their want ;
 But Man, with smiles, embraces, friendships praise,
 Inhumanely his Fellows life betrays ;
 With voluntary pains works his distress,
 Not through necessity, but wantonness.
 For hunger, or for Love, *they* bite or tear,
 Whilst wretched man is still in Arms for fear ;
 For fear he Arms, and is of Arms afraid.
 By fear, to fear successively betray'd :
 Base fear, the Source whence his best passions came
 His boasted Honour, and his dear bought Fame.
 That lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave ;
 To which his various Projects are design'd,
 Which makes him Gen'rous, Affable, and Kind ;
 For which he takes such pains to be thought Wise,
 And screws his actions, in a forc'd disguise ;
 Leading a tedious life in misery,
 Under laborious, mean Hypocrisie.
 Look to the bottom of his vast Design,
 Wherin Mans Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory Joyn ;
 The

The good he acts, the ill he does endure ;
 'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure ;
 Meerly for safety, after Fame we thirst,
 For all men wou'd be Cowards if they durst ;
 And Honesty's against all common sense,
 Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence.
 Mankind's dishonest : if you think it fair,
 Amongst known Cheats to play upon the square,
 You'l be undone——

Nor can weak Truth, your reputation save,
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o're, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.
 Thus Sir you see what humane Nature craves,
 Most Men are Cowards, most Men Wou'd be Knaves.
 The difference lyes (as far as I can see)
 Not in the thing it self, but the degree ;
 And all the subject matter of debate,
 Is only who's a Knave of the first Rate ?

All this with indignation have I hurl'd,
 At the pretending part of the proud World,
 Who swoln with selfish vanity, devise
 False freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lyes
 Over their fellow Slaves, to tyrannize. }

But if at all, so Just a Man there be,
 (At all, a Just Man, of that blest degree.)
 Who does his needful flattery direct,
 Not to oppress, and ruine, but protect ;
 Since flattery which way so ever laid,
 Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade.
 If so upright a Patriot you can find,
 Whose Passions bend to his unbyas'd Mind ;
 Who does his Arts, and Policies apply,
 To raise his Country, not his Family ;

Who

Who boldly fatal Avarice withstands,
 And tempting Bribes, from Friends corrupted
 (Hands.

Is there a Mortal who on God relies ?
 Whose Life, his Faith, and Doctrine Justifies ?
 Not one blown up, with vain aspiring Pride,
 Who for reproof of Sins does Man deride :
 Whose envious heart with sawcy Eloquence,
 Dares chide at Kings, and rail at Men of sence.
 Who in his talking vents more peevish Lies,
 More bitter railings, scandals, Calumines,
 Than at a Gossiping are thrown about,
 When the good Wives get drunk, and then fall out.
 None of that sensual Tribe, whose Talents lye,
 In Avarice, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony.
 Who hunt Preferment, but abhor good Lives,
 Whose lust exalted, to that height arrives, }
 They act Adult'ry with their Neighbours Wives.
 And e're a score of years compleated be,
 Can from the lofty Stage of Honour see,
 Half a large Parish their own Progeny.

Nor doating He who fain would be ador'd,
 For domineering when at's height he's soar'd,
 A greater Fop in business at fourscore,
 Fonder of serious Toys, affected more.
 Than the gay glitt'ring Fool, at twenty proves,
 With all his noise, his tawdry Cloaths and Loves.

But a meek humble Man of modest sence,
 Who, Preaching peace, does practice Continence ;
 Whose pious life's a proof he does believe
 Misterious truths, which no Man can conceive.
 If upon Earth there dwell such Godlike Men,
 I'll here recant my Paradox to them ;

Adore

Adore those Shrines of Vertue, Homage pay,
 And with the thinking World, their Laws obey.
 If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
 Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.

A Ramble in St. JAMES'S PARK.

Much Wine had past with grave discourse,
 Of who kist who, and who does worse;
 Such as you usally do hear,
 From them that dyet at the Bear;
 When I, who still take care to see,
 How squares are carry'd, and things agree :
 Went out into *St. James's Park*,
 To cool my Head, and fire my Heart :
 But though *St. James* has the honnor on't,
 'Tis consecrate to each Gallant,
 There by a most incestuous Birth,
 Strange Woods spring from the teeming Earth.
 For they relate how heretofore,
 When Antient Piet began to whore,
 Deluded of his Assignment,
 (Jilting it seems was then in fashion.)
 Poor penfive Lover, in this place,
 VVould weep upon his Mothers Face,
 VVhence Rowes of *Mandrakes* tall did rise,
 Whose lofty Tops near reach the Skies.
 Each imitative Branch does twine,
 In some lov'd fold of *Aretine* :
 And Nightly now beneath their shade,
 Are Amorous charming Dittyes made.
 Unto this All-love-sheltring Grove,
 Lasses of th' Bulk and the Alcove.

Great

Great Ladies, Chamber-Maids, and Drudges;
 The Rag-picker and Heirefs, trudges :
 Carmen, Divines, great Lords and Taylors,
 Prentices, Pimps, Poets and Gaolers,
 Foot-men, fine Fops, do here arrive,
 And here promiscuously they strive.

Along these hollow'd VValks it was,
 That I beheld *Corinna* pass ;
 VVho ever had been by to see,
 The proud disdain she cast on me.
 Though charming Eyes, he wou'd have sworn
 She dropt from Heaven that very hour ;
 Forsaking the Divine abode,
 In scorn of some despairing God.
 But mark what Creatures VVomen are,
 So infinitely vile and fair,

Three Knights, o'th' Elbow and the Slur,
 VVith wrigling Tails, made up to her.

The first was of your upstart Blades,
 Near kin to her that rules the Maids,
 Grac'd by whose favour, he was able
 To bring a Friend to th' VVaiters Table.
 VVhere he had heard Sir *Edward Sutton*,
 Say how the King lov'd Bansted Mutton.
 Since when he'd ne'er be brought to eat,
 By's good will, any other Meat.

In this, as well as all the rest,
 He ventures to do like the best.
 But wanting common sense, th' ingredient
 In choos'ing well, not least expedient.

Converts Abortive imitation,
 To Universal affectation ;
 So he not only eats and talks,
 But feels and smells, sits down and walks ;

Nay

Nay Looks and Lives, and Loves by Rote,
In an old tawdrey Birth-Day-Coat.

The second was a *Grays-Inn* VVit,
A great Inhabiter of the Pit ;
VWhere Critick-like, he fits and squints,
Steals Pocket-Hankerchiefs, and hints,
From's Neighbour, and the Comedy,
To Court and pay his Landlady.

The third a Ladies Eldest Son,
VWithin few years of twenty one ;
VWho hopes from his propitions Fate,
Against he comes to his Estate,
By these two VVorthies to be made
A most accomplisht tearing Blade.

One in a stain 'twixt Tune and Nonsense,
Cryes, *Madam, I have lov'd you long since,*
Permit me your fair hand to kiss.

VWhen at her Mouth, her Heart says yes,
In short, without much more ado,
Joyful and pleas'd, away she flew ;
And with these three confounded Asses,
From Park to Hackney-Coach she passes.

So a proud Bitch does lead about,
Of Humble Currs, the Amorous rout,
VWho most obsequiously do hunt,
Their Female Trull by her strong scent.
Some Pow'r more patient now relate,
The sense of this surpriz'd Fate.

Gods ! that a thing admir'd by me,
Shou'd taste so much of Infamy !
Had she pickt out to rub her Arse on,
Some well hung Clown or Greasy Boason,
Each Job of whose well manag'd Sluce,
Had fill'd her up with wholesome Juice,

I the proceeding shou'd have prais'd,
 In hopes she'd quench a Fire I rais'd:
 Such nat'ral freedoms are but Just,
 There's something gen'rous in meer Lust.
 But to turn damn'd abandon'd *Jade*,
 VVhen neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade;
 The *Devil* play'd booty, sure with thee,
 To bring a blot of infamy.
 But why was I of all *Mankind*,
 To so severe a fate design'd?
 Ungrateful! why this Treachery
 To humble fond, believing me?
 VVho gave you Priviledges above,
 The nice allowances of Love?
 Did ever I refuse to bear
 The meanest Part your Love cou'd spare?
 VVhen you, lew'd you, came Chaired home,
 Drencht with the Juice of half the Town;
 My Dram of Love was supt up after,
 For the digestive Surfeit VVater.
 Full gorged at another time,
 VVith a vast *Meal*, not fit to name,
 VVhich your devouring *Tail* had drawn,
 From *Porters Backs*, and *Foot-mens Brawn*.
 I was content to serve you up,
 My little *Mite*, for your *Grace Cup*;
 Nor ever though it an abuse,
 VVhile you had pleasure for Excuse.
 You that cou'd make my Heart away,
 For Noise and Colours, and betray
 The Secrets of my tender hours,
 To such *Knight Errant Paramours*;
 VVhen leaning on your Faithless Breast,
 VVrapt in security, and rest.

Soft kindness all my pow'rs did move,
And reason lay desolv'd in Love.

May stinking *Vapours* choak your *Womb*,
Such as the *Men* you dote upon ;
May your depraved Appetite,
That cou'd in whiffling *Fools* delight.
Beget such *Frenzies* in your mind,
You may go mad for the *North-wind*,
And fixing all your hopes on it,
To have him Bluster in your *Pitt*.
Turn up your longing *Tail* to th' Air,
And perish in a wild despair.

But *Cowards* shall forget to Rant,
School-Boys to Play, and *Whores* to Paint :
The *Jesuits Fraternity*,
Shall leave the use of *Cruelty*,
Low things, inspir'd with Grace Divine,
From Earthly Ball, to Heav'n shall climb ;
Physicians shall for nothing ease us,
And disobedience cease to please us ;
E're I desist with all my pow'r,
To plague this *Woman* and undo her.
But my revenge will best be tim'd,
When she is Marry'd, that is lym'd ;
In that most lamentable State,
I'll make her feel my scorn, and hate ;
Pelt her with Scandals, Truth or Lies,
And her poor *Curr* with jealousies ;
Till I have torn him from her *Breech*,
Whilst she do's whine for what's past Reach.
Loath'd, and depriv'd, kickt out of Town,
Into some dirty hole alone,
To Chew the *Cud* of misery,
And know she owes it all to me.

*And may no Woman better thrive,
Who dare prophane the thing I love.*

*A Letter fancy'd from Artemisa in the Town, to
Cloe in the Country.*

CLoe, by your command in Verse I write,
Shortly you'l bid me ride astride and Fight;
Such Talents better with our Sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dang'rous Poetry.
Amongst the Men, I mean the Men of wit,
(At least they past for such before they writ,)
How many bold advent'ers for the Bays,
Proudly designing large returns of Praise,
Who durst that stormy Pathless World explore,
Were soon dash't back, and wreckt on the dull {
(shore,

Broke of that little stock they had before.
How wou'd a Womans tott'ring Barque be tost,
Where stoutest Ships, the Men of Wit are lost?
When I reflect on this I straight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise.

Dear Artemisa, Poetry's a Snare,
Bedlam has many Mansions, have a care,
Your Muse diverts you, makes the Reader sad,
You think your self inspir'd, he thinks you mad:
Thus like an Arrant Woman as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd writing's a shame,
That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than Poetess ——— }

Like Men that Marry, or like Maids that woo,
Because it is the worst thing they can do.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the contradiction, and the Sin,
 Me thinks I stand on Thorns till I begin.

Y' expect to hear at least, what love has past
 In this leu'd Town, since you and I saw last :
 What change has happen'd of *Intrigues*, and whe-

(ther,

The old ones last, and who and who's together ?

But how (my dearest *Cloe*) shou'd I set

My Pen to write, what I wou'd fain forget ?

Or name the lost thing Love without a Tear,

Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here ?

Love, the most generous passion of the mind,

The softest refuge innocence can find.

The safe director of unguided Youth,

Fraught with kind wishes and secur'd by Truth ;

That Cordial drop, Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,

To make the nauseous draught of life go down ;

On which one only blessing, God might raise,

In Lands of *Atheists*, *Subsidies* of praise ;

For none did e're so dull, and stupid prove,

But felt a God, and blest his pow'r in Love :

This only joy, for which poor we were made,

Is grown, like play, to be an Arrant Trade ;

The *Rooks* creep in, and it has got of late,

As many little cheats, and tricks as that :

But what yet more a Womans heart wou'd vex,

'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex.

Oh silly Sex ! though born like *Monarchs* free,

Turn *Gipsies*, for a meaner liberty,

And hate restraint, though but from Infamy.

They call whatever is not common, nice,

And deaf to Natures Rule, or Loves advice,

Forfake the pleasure, to persue the Vice.

To an exact perfection they have brought,
 The Action Love, the passion is forgot ;
 'Tis below Wit, they tell you to admire,
 And ev'n without approving, they desire :
 Their private wish, obeys the publique voice ;
 'Twixt good and bad, whimsey decides, not choice ;
 Fashion's grown up for taste, at formes they strike,
 They know what they wou'd have, not what they
 (like.

Bovy's a Beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree,
 Affected are, that with their Ears they see. }

Where I was visiting the other Night,
 Comes a fine Lady, with her humble Knight,
 VWho had prevail'd with her, through her own skill
 At his request, though much against his will,
 To come to *London* — — —

As the Coach stopt, I heard her voice more loud,
 Then a great Belly'd VVomans in a Croud ;
 Telling the Knight that her affairs require
 He for some hours, obsequiously retire.

I think she was asham'd he shou'd be seen,
 Hard fate of Husband, the Gallant had been, }
 Though a diseas'd, ill favour'd Fool, brought in.
 Dispatch, says she, the bus'ness you pretend,
 Your beastly visit to your drunken Friend ;
 A Bottle, ever makes you look so fine ;
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of VVine :
 Your Country drinking breath's enough to Kill ;
 Sowre Ale, corrected with a Lemmon Pill ;
 Prithee farewell, wee'l meet again anon,
 The necessary thing, bows and is gone.
 She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show,
 That fifty Antick Postures will aHow.

And

And then burst, out—*Dear Madam am not I*
The strangest alter'd Creature ; let me dye,
I find my self rediculously grown,
Embarrast with my being out of Town :
Rude, and untaugh, like any Indian Queen,
My Country nakedness is strangely seen.
How is Love govern'd, Love that rules the state,
And pray who are the men most worn of late ?
When I was Marry'd, Fools were All-a mode,
Your Men of VVit, were then held incomm'd,
Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,
Who, e're they'le be perswaded, must enquire,
As if they came to spy, not to admire.
With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,
They find out why, what may, and shou'd not please.
Nay take themselves for injur'd, when we dare,
Make'em think better of us than we are :
And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hipocrites ;
They little guess (who at our Arts are griev'd)
The perfect joy of being well deciev'd :
Inquisitive, as jealous Cucko'ds grow ;
Rather then not be knowing, they will know,
What, being known, creates their certain woe.
Women should these, of all Mankind, avoid,
For wonder by clear knowledge is destroy'd ;
VVoman, who is an arrant Bird of Night,
Bold in the dusk before a Fools dull sight,
Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring light.
But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire
Himself, trusts us ; his follies all conspire,
To flater his, and favour our desire :
Vain of his proper merit, he with ease,
Believes we love him best, who best can please :

On him our gross, dull, common, flatteries pass,
 Ever most happy, when most made an Ass;
 Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind
 Perceives us false, the Fop himself is blind,
 Who doating on himself——
 Thinks ev'ry one that sees him of his mind.
 These are true Womens Men. Here forc'd to cease,
 Through want of Breath, not VVill to hold her

(peace;

She to the Window runs, where she had spi'd
 Her much esteem'd dear Friend, the Monkey ty'd.
 With forty smiles, as many Antick bows,
 As if 't had been the Lady of the House,
 The dirty chatt'ring Monster she embrac'd,
 And made it this fine tender speech at last.
Kiss me ! thou curious Minature of Man,
How odd thou art ! how pretty ! how Japan !
Oh I cou'd live and dye with thee ! then on
 For half an hour in Complements she ran.

I took this time to think what Nature meant,
 When this mixt thing into the World she sent,
 So very wise, yet so impertinent.
 One that knows ev'ry thing ; that God thought fit,
 Shou'd be an Ass, through choice, not want of wit.
 Whose Foppery, without the help of sense,
 Cou'd ne're have rose to such an excellence.
 Natur's as lame in making a true Fop
 As a *Philosopher* ; the very top
 And dignity of folly we attain,
 By studious search and labour of the Brain ;
 By observation, Council, and deep thought,
 Ther's not a coxcomb made that's worth a Groat ;
 We owe that Name to Industry, and Arts,
 An eminent Fool must be a Man of parts :

And

And such a one was she, who had turn'd o're,
 As many Books as Men, Lov'd much, Read more ;
 Had a discerning VVit, to her was known
 Ev'ry ones fault, or merit, but her own :
 All the good Qualities, that ever blest,
 A VVoman so distinguish'd from the rest,
 Except Discretion only, she possest.

But now *Moncher*, dear *Pug*, says she, adieu,
 And the discourse, broke off, does thus renew.

*You smile to see me, whom the World perchance,
 Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance
 The interest of Fools, that I approve
 Their merit more than Mens of Wit, in Love :
 But in our Sex, too many proofs there are,
 Of such whom VVits undo, and Fools repair :
 This in my time was so observ'd a Rule,
 Hardly a VVench in Town but had her Fool ;
 The meanest common Slut, who long was grown
 The jeast and scorn of ev'ry Pitt Buffoon ;
 Had yet left charms enough, to have subdu'd,
 Some Fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
 Foster cou'd make an Irish Lord, a Nokes,
 And Betty Morris had her City Cokes.
 A Woman's ne're so ruin'd, but she can
 Be still reveng'd, on her undoer, Man.
 How lost soe're, she'l find some Lover more,
 A more abandon'd Fool, than she a VVhore.
 That wretched thing *Corinna*, who has run
 Through all the several ways of being undone,
 Couzen'd at first by love, and living then,
 By turning the too dear bought cheat on Men.
 Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they Flew,
 When first the Town, her early Beauties knew ;
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed,
 Youth in her Cheeks, and pleasure in her Bed ;*

Till

Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit,
 To make her dote upon a Man of *VVit*,
 Who found 'twas dul to love above a day,
 Made his ill natur'd Jest, and went away;
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
 She's a *Memento Mori* to the rest.
 Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a Crown
 Must Mortgage her long Scarfe and Manto Gown.
 Poor Creature! who unheard of, as a Flye,
 In some dark hole, must all the Winter lye,
 And want she must endure a whole half year,
 That for one Month, she Tawdry may appear,
 In Easter Term she gets her a new Gown,
 When my young Master's worship comes to Town,
 From Pedagogue and Mother, just set free,
 The hopeful Heir, of a great Family;
 Who with strong Beer, and Beef, the Country rules,
 And, ever since the Conquest, have been Fools;
 And still with careful prospect, to maintain
 This Character, least crossing of the Strain
 Shou'd mend the Booby breed, his Friends provide,
 A Couzin of his own to be his Bride.
 And thus set out—————
 With an Estate, no *VVit*, and a young *VWife*,
 The Sollid comforts of a Coxcombe's life
 Dughil and Peas forsook, he comes to Town,
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.
 Nothing suits worse with Vice, than want of sense,
 Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
 This Ore-grown School-Boy, lost Corinna wins
 At the first dash, to make an *Ass*, begins.
 Pretends to like a Man, that has not Known
 The Vanities, nor Vices of the Town;
 Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love.

Eager

*Eager of joys, which he does seldom prove,
 Healthful, and strong, he does no pains endure,
 But what the fair one, he adores, can cure:
 Grateful for favours, does the Sex esteem,
 And Libells none for being kind to him ;
 Then of the lewdness of the Town complains,
 Railes at the Wits, and Athiests, and maintains
 'Tis better than good sense, than Pow'r or Wealth,
 To have a Blood untainted, youth and health ;
 The unbred Puppy, who had never seen,
 A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine ;
 Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the Antient Seat
 To buy his Mistress a new House, for life ;
 To give her Plate and Jewels, Robs his Wife ;
 And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to payson him, and all's her own,
 Thus meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
 He leaves her Bastard, Heir to his Estate ;
 And, as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
 His own dull, lawful, Progeny he starves.
 Nature, (who never made a thing in vain,
 But does each Insect, to some end ordain.)
 Wisely provides kind keeping Fools, no doubt,
 To patch up Vices, Men of Wit wear out.*

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense,
 Still mixt with Volleys of impertinence.
 But now 'tis time I shou'd some pitty show,
 To Cloe since I cannot choose but know
 Readers must reap the dullness Writers Sow. }
 By the next Post, I will such Stories tell,
 As joyn'd to these, shall to a Volume swell ;
 But you are tir'd and so am I——

Farewell,

The

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

Naked she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,
 I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms,
 Both equally inspir'd with eager fire,
 Melting through kindness, flaming in desire;
 With *Arms, Legs, Lips*, close clinging to embrace,
 She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her *Face*.
 The nimble *Tongue* (Love's lesser Lightning) plaid
 Within my *Mouth*, and to my thoughts convey'd
 Swift Orders, that I shou'd prepare to throw
 The All-dissolving *Thunder bolt* below.
 My flutt'ring *Soul*, sprung with the pointed Kiss,
 Hangs hov'ring o're her balmy Limbs of bliss,
 But whilst her busie hand wou'd guide that part,
 Which shou'd convey my *Soul* up to her *Heart*,
 In liquid Raptures I dissolve all o're,
 Melting in Love, such joy ne'r felt before.
 A touch from any part of her had don't,
 Her *Hand* her *Foot*, her very looks had charms
 (upon't.

Smiling, she chides in a kind murr'ring Noise,
 And sighs to feel, the too too hasty joys;
 When with a Thousand Kisses, wandring o're
 My panting *Breast*, and is there then no more
 She cries: All this to Love, and *Rapture's* due?
 Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too?
 But I the most forlorne, lost Man alive,
 To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive,
 I sigh alas! and Kiss, but cannot drive.

Eager

Eager desires confound my first intent,
 Succeeding shame, does more success prevent,
 And Rage at last confirms me impotent,
 Ev'n her fair Hand, which might bid heat return
 To frozen Age, and make cold *Hermits* burn,
 Apply'd to my dead Cinder, warms no more,
 Than Fire to Ashes cou'd past Flames restore.
 Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,
 A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I ly,
 This Dart of Love, whose piercing point oft try'd
 With Virgin Blood, a hundred Maids has dy'd.
 Which Nature still directed with such Art,
 That it through ev'ry Port, reacht ev'ry Heart.
 Stiffly resolv'd twou'd carelessly invade
 Where it essay'd, nor ought its fury staid,
 Where e're it pierc'd, entrance it found or
 (made.)

Now languid lies in this unhappy hour,
 Shrunk up, and Sapless, like a wither'd Flow'r.
 Thou treacherous, base deserter of my flame,
 False to my passion, fatal to my Fame;
 By what mistaken Magick dost thou prove,
 So true to lewdness, so untrue to Love?
 What Oyster, Cinder, Beggar, common VVhore,
 Didst thou e're fail in all thy life before?
 VVhen Vice, Disease and Scandal lead the way,
 VVith what officious haste didst thou obey?
 Like a Rude roaring Hector in the Streets,
 That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets;
 But if his King or Country claim his Aid,
 The Rascal Villain shrinks and hides his Head:
 Ev'n so thy Brutal Valour is displaid,
 Breaks ev'ry *Stews*, does each small Crack invade,

But

But if great Love the onset does command,
 Base recreant to thy Prince, thou darst not stand.
 VVorst part of me, and henceforth hated most,
 Through all the Town, the common rubbing Post;
 On whom each wretch, relieves her lustful want,
 As *Hogs* on *Goats*, do rub themselves and grunt;
 May'st thou to rav'nous Shankers be a Prey,
 Or in consuming VVeepings waste away.
 May Stranguries, and Stone, thy Days attend,
 Mayst thou ne're Piss who didst so much offend, }
 VWhen all my joy, did on false thee depend.
 And may ten thousand abler Men agree,
 To do the wrong'd *Corinna* right for thee.

TO LOVE.

O! nunquam pro me satis indignate Cupido.

O *H Love!* how cold, and slow to take my part,
 Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart.
 Why thy old faithful *Soldier*, wilt thou see,
 Opprest in thy own Tents? they murder me.
 Thy Flames Consume, thy Arrows Pierce thy
 (Friends,
 Rather on Foes, pursue more Noble ends.
Achilles Spear, would gen'rously bestow
 A Cure, as certain as it gave the blow.
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o're
 When the *Prey's* caught, hope still leads on before.
 We thy own *Slaves* feel thy *Tyrannick* blows,
 Whilst thy tame Hand's unmov'd against thy *Foes*.
 On

On *Men* disarm'd, how can you gallant prove,
 And I was long ago disarm'd by Love,
 Millions of dull *Men* live, and scornful *Maids*,
 Wee'l own *Love* valiant, when he these invades.
Rome from each *Corner* of the wide *World*, snatch'd
 A *Lawrel*, or't had been to this day thatch'd.
 But the old *Soldier*, has his resting place,
 And the good batter'd *Horse*, is turn'd to *Grass*.
 The harraſt *Whore*, who liv'd a wretch to please,
 Has leave to be a *Bamd*, and take her ease.
 For me then, who have freely ſpent my Blood,
 (*Love*) in thy Service, and ſo boldly ſtood
 In *Celia's Trenches* ; were't not wiſely done,
 E'en to retire, and live at peace at home ?
 No——might I gain an Empire, to diſclaim
 My glorious *Title*, to my endleſs flame :
 Sovereignty, with ſcorn, I wou'd forſwear,
 Such ſweet, dear, tempting Creatures *Women* are.
 When er'e thoſe Flames grow faint, I quickly find
 A fierce black Storm, pour down upon my Mind.
 Head-long I'm hurl'd, like *Horſe-men*, who in vain
 Their (fury foaming) Courſers, wou'd reſtrain;
 As Ships, juſt when the Harbour they attain,
 Are ſnatch'd, by ſudden *Blaſts*, to Sea again ,
 So Loves fantaſtick ſtorms reduce my Heart,
 Half-reſcu'd, and the God reſumes his Dart.
 Strike here, this undefended Boſom wound,
 And for ſo brave a Conqueſt be renown'd.
 Shafts fly ſo faſt to me from ev'ry part,
 You'l ſcarce diſcern your Quiver from my Heart.
 What VVretch can bear a live-long night's dull reſt,
 Or think himſelf in lazy ſlumbers bleſt ?
 Fool- -is not ſleep the Image of pale *Death* ?
 There's time for Reſt, when Fate has ſtopt your
 breath.

Me, may my soft deluding dear deceive,
 I'm happy in my hopes, whilst I believe.
 Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
 With doubtful steps, the God of War does move
 By thy example, in Ambiguous Love.
 Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own Wing?
 Who knows, when joy, or anguish, thou wilt bring?
 Yet at thy Mothers, and thy Slaves request,
 Fix an Eternal Empire in my Breast;
 And let th' inconstant charming Sex,
 Whose willful scorn, does Lovers vex;
 Submit their Hearts before thy Throne,
 The Vassal VWorld, is then thy own.

The Maim'd Debauchee.

^I
AS some brave *Admiral*, in former VVar,
 Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage
 (still;
 Two Rival-Fleets, appearing from a far,
 Crawles to the top of an adjacent Hill,
²
 From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he
 (views
 The wise, and daring Conduct of the fight,
 And each bold Action, to his mind renews,
 His present Glory, and his past Delight.

From

From his fierce Eyes, ³ flashes of Rage he throws,
 As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks
 (away,
 Transported, thinks himself amidst his Foes,
 And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

⁴
 So when my days of impotence approach,
 And I'm by Love, and *VVines* unlucky chance;
 Drov'n from the pleasing *Billows* of Debauch,
 On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance.

⁵
 My pains at last some respite shall afford,
 Whilst I behold the Battails you maintain,
 VVhen *Fleets* of *Glassses*, Sail about the *Board*;
 From whose Broad-sides *Volley*s of *VVit* shall rain.

⁶
 Nor shall the sight of Honourable Scars,
 Which my too forward Valour did procure,
 Frighten new list'd Souldiers from the *VVars*;
 Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

⁷
 Shou'd hopeful Youths (worth being drunk) prove
 (nice,
 And from their fair Inviters meanly shrink,
 Twou'd please the *Ghost* of my departed *Vice*,
 If at my Council, they repent and drink.

⁸
 Or shou'd some cold-complexion'd Sot forbid,
 With his dull Morals, our Nights brisk Alarmes,
 I'll fire his blood by telling what I did,
 When I was strong, and able to bear Armes.

9

I'll tell of *Whores* Attacqu'd, their Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortrefs won,
Windows demolisht, *Watches* overcome,
 And handsome ilks, by my contrivance done.

10

With Tales like these, I will such heat inspire,
 As to important mischief shall incline ;
 I'll make them long some Antient Church to fire,
 And fear no lewdness they'r call'd to by *Wine*.

11

Thus, *Bravo-like*, I'll sawcily impose,
 And, safe from danger, Valiently advise,
 Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,
 And, being good for nothing else, be Wise.

An Allusion to *Horace*.

The 10th. Satyr of the 1st. Book.

Nempe incomposita dixi pede, &c.

WELL Sir, 'tis granted, I said *Drydens* Rhimes
 VVere stoln, unequal, nay dull many times :
 VVhat foolish Patron is there found of his,
 So blindly partial, to deny me this ;
 But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down, }
 VVith VVit and Learning Justly pleas'd the Town }
 In the same Paper, I as freely own.
 Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Mass,
 That Stuffs up his loose *Volumns*, must not pass :

For

For by that Rule, I might as well admit,
Crown's tedious Sense, for Poetry and VVit.
 'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense
 Hits the false Judgment of an Audience
 Of clapping Fools, assembled a vast crowd, (load :
 Till the throng'd Play-house crack with the dull
 Tho' ev'n that Talent merits in some sort,
 That can divert the City and the Court :
 Which blund'ring *Settle* never cou'd attain,
 And puzling *Otway* labours at in vain.
 But within due Proportions circumscribe
 What e're you write, that with a flowing Tide
 The Style may rise, yet in its rise forbear,
 With useles words, t' oppress the weary'd Ear.
 Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
 Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite :
 For Elegance sake, sometimes allay the force
 Of *Epithets*, 'twill soften the Discourse ;
 A Jest in scorn points out, and hits the thing
 More home, than the *Morosest* Satyr's sting.
Shakespear and *Johnson* did herein excell,
 And might in this be imitated well ;
 Whom refin'd *E——*, Copies not at all,
 But is himself a meer Original.
 Nor that slow Drudge, in swift *Pindarick* strains,
F——, who *Cowly* imitates with pains, }
 And rides a jaded *Muse*, whipt, with loose Rains. }
 When *Lee* makes temp'rate *Scipio* fret and rave,
 And *Hannibal*, a whining Amorous Slave,
 I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool,
 In *Busby's* hands, to be well lasht at School.
 Of all our Modern Wits, none seems to me, }
 Once to have toucht upon true Comedy, }
 But hasty *Shadwell*, and slow *Wicherley*. }

Shadwell's unfinish'd Works do yet impart,
 Great Proofs of force of Nature, none of Art ;
 With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,
 Shewing great Mastery with little Care ;
 And scorns to varnish his good Touches o're,
 To make the Fools and Women praise 'em more.
 But *Wicherley* earns hard, what e'er he gains,
 He wants no Judgment, nor he spares no Pains ;
 He frequently excels, and at the least,
 Makes fewer Faults than any of the rest.

VValler, by Nature for the *Bays* design'd,
 With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
 In *Panegyricks* does excel Mankind.

He best can turn, enforce and soften things,
 To praise great Conquerors, or to flatter Kings.

For pointed Satyrs I wou'd B—— choose,
 The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse,
 For Songs and Verses, Mannerly, Obscene,
 That can stir Nature up, by Springs unseen,
 And, without forcing Blushes, please the Queen.

Sidley has that prevailing, gentle Art,
 That can with a resistless Charm impart,
 The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart ;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
 Betwixt declining Virtue and Desire ;
 Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away,
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all day.

Dryden, in vain, try'd this nice way of Wit,
 For he, to be a tearing *Blade*, thought fit
 To give the Ladies a dry Bawdy Bob,
 And thus he got the name of Poet *Squab*.
 But to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found,
 His Excellencies more than Faults abound ;

No Where

Nor dare I from his Sacred Temple tear,
 That Lawrel which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not *Dryden* find ev'n *Johnson* dull?
Fletcher and *Beaumont* uncorrect, and full
 Of lewd Lines, as he calls 'em? *Shakeſpear's* ſtile
 Stiff and affected; to his own the while
 Allowing all the Juſtneſs that his Pride
 So arrogantly had to theſe deny'd?
 And may not I have leave, impartially
 To ſearch, and cenſure *Dryden's* Works, and try
 If thoſe groſs faults his choice Pen does commit,
 Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit?
 Or if his lumpiſh Fancy does reſuſe
 Spirit and Grace to his looſe flatt'ring Muſe?
 Five hundred Verſes ev'ry Morning writ,
 Proves you no more a Poet, than a Wit:
 Such Scribbling Authors have been ſeen before;
Maſtapha, the *Engliſh Princeſs*, forty more,
 Were things, perhaps, compos'd in half an hour:
 To write what may ſecurely ſtand the Teſt,
 Of being well read over thrice at leaſt;
 Compare each Phraſe, examine ev'ry Line,
 Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine;
 Scorn all applauſe the vile Rout can beſtow,
 And be content to pleaſe thoſe few who know.
 Canſt thou be ſuch a vain miſtaken thing,
 To wiſh thy Works might make a Play-houſe ring,
 With the unthinking Laughter, and poor praiſe
 Of Fops and Ladies, Factionous for thy Plays;
 Then ſend a cunning Friend to learn thy doom,
 From the ſhrewd Judges of the Drawing-room.
 I've no Ambition on that idle ſcore,
 But ſay with *Betty Mackerill* heretofore,
 When a great Woman call'd her *Brimſtone Whore*;

*I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too,
 Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.
 Shou'd I be troubled when the Pur-blind Knight,
 Who squints more in his Judgment than his sight,
 Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?
 Or when the poor-fed Poets of the Town,
 For Scraps and Coach-room cry my Verses down
 I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me,
 If S——, S——, S——, W——,
 G——, B——, B——, B——,
 And some few more, whom I omit to name;
 Approve my sense, I count their censure Fame.*

In defence of Satyr.

(Sta)
When *Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher*, rul'd
 They took so bold a freedom with the Age
 That there was scarce a Knave or Fool in Town
 Of any note, but had his Picture shown;
 And (without doubt) tho' some it may offend,
 Nothing helps more than *Satyr*, to amend
 Ill Manners, or is truly Vertues Friend.
 Princes may Laws ordain, Priests gravely Preach
 But Poets most successfully will teach.
 For as a Passing-Bell frights from his Meat,
 The greedy Sick Man, that too much would Eat
 So when a *Vice* ridiculous is made,
 Our Neighbours Shame keeps us from growing bad
 But wholesome Remedies few Palates please,
 Men rather love what flatters their Disease;

Pimps, Parasites, Buffoons, and all the Crew,
That under Friendships name, weak Men undo ;
And their false Service kindlier understood,
Than such as tell bold Truths to do us good.
Look where you will, and you shall hardly find
A Man, without some Sickness of the Mind.

In vain we Wise would seem, while ev'ry Lust
Whisks us about, as Whirlwinds do the Dust.
Here for some needless Gain, a Wretch is hurl'd
From Pole to Pole, and Slav'd about the World ;
While the Reward of all his Pains and Care,
Ends in that despicable thing, his Heir.

There a vain *Fop* Mortgages all his Land,
To buy that gaudy Play-thing a Command,
To ride a Cock-Horse, wear a Scarfe at's Arse,
And play the *Pudding* in a *May-day Farce*.

Here one whom Fate to be a *Fool*, thought fit,
In spite of its Decree will be a *Wit*.
But wanting strength to uphold his ill-made choice,
Sets up with Lewdness, Blasphemy, and Noise.

There at his *Mistress* Feet a Lover lyes,
And for a Tawdry Painted Baby dyes.
Falls on his Knees, adores, and is afraid
Of the vain Idol he himself has made.

These, and a thousand Fools unmention'd here,
Hate Poets all, because they Poets fear ;
Take heed (they cry) yonder *Mad Dog* will bite,
He cares not whom he falls on in his fit ;
Come but in's way, and strait a new *Lampoon*
Shall spread your mangled Fame about the Town.

But why am I this *Bug-bear* to ye all ?
My Pen is dipt in no such bitter Gall.
He that can rail at one he calls his Friend,
Or hear him absent wrong'd, and not defend ;

Who for the sake of some ill-natur'd Jest,
Tells what he shou'd conceal, invents the rest;
To fatal Midnight Quarrels can betray
His brave Companion, and then run away;
Leaving him to be murder'd in the Street,
Then put it off with some Buffoon Conceit.
This, this is he, you shou'd beware of All,
Yet him a pleasant witty Man you call.
To whet your dull Debauches, up and down
You seek him, the top Fidler of the Town.

But if I laugh when the *Play Coxcombs* show,
To see the *Booby Solus* dance *Provoe*;
Or chattering *Porus*, from the Side Box grin,
Trickt like a Ladies *Monkey* new made clean.
To me the name of Railer strait you give,
Call me a Man that knows not how to live.
But Wenches to their Keepers true shall turn,
Stale Maids long flighted, proffer'd Husbands scorn;
Great Courtiers Flattery and Clinches hate,
And, long in Office, dye without Estate.
Without a Fee, great Counsel Causes plead,
The Country Knavery want the Cities Pride.
E're that black Malice in my Rhymes you find,
That wrongs a worthy Man, or hurts a Friend.

But then perhaps you'll say, Why do you write?
What you think harmless Mirth, the World thinks
Why shou'd your Fingers itch to have a lash (Spight.
At *Simius* the Buffoon, or *Cully Bash*?
What is't to you, if *Aliodor's* fine Whore,
Supps with some *Fop*, whilst he's shut out of Door?
Consider pray, that dang'rous weapon Wit,
Frightens a Million, when a few you hit.
Whip but a Curr, as you ride through a Town,
And strait his Fellow-Currs the Quarrel own.

Each

Each Knave or Fool, that's conscious of a Crime,
Tho' he scapes now, looks for't another time.

Sir, I confess all you have said is true,
But who has not some Folly to pursue?

Milo turn'd *Quixot*, fancy'd Battels, Fights,
When the fifth Bottle had increas'd the Lights.

War-like Dirt-Pyes, our Hero *Paris* forms,
Which desp'rate *Bessie* without Armour storms.

Cornus, the kindest Husband e're was born,
Still Courts the Spark that does his Brows adorn;
Invites him home to Dine, and fills his Veins
With the hot Blood which his dear *Doxy* drains.

Grandio thinks himself a *Beau-Garçon*,
Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down;
And with his sawcy Love plagues all the Town. }

While pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,
He's caught with *G*——, that old Hag a-bed.

But shou'd I all the crying Follies tell,
That rouse the sleeping *Satyr* from his Cell,

I to my Reader shou'd as tedious prove,
As that old Spark *Albanus*, making love;
Or florid *Roscius*, when with some smooth Flam,
He gravely on the Publick tries to sham.

Hold then my Muse, 'tis time to make an end,
Lest taxing others, thou thy self offend.

The World's a Wood, in which all lose their way,
Tho' by a diff'rent Path each goes astray.

*On the supposed Author of a late Poem in
defence of Satyr.*

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain
In *Satyrs* praise, to a low untun'd strain,
In thee was most impertinent and vain. }

C.

When

When in thy *Person* we most clearly see,
 That *Sage's* of Divine Authority,
 For God made one on Man, when he made thee.
 To shew there were some Men, as there are *Apes*,
 Fram'd for meer Sport, who differ but in shapes:
 In thee are all those Contradictions joyn'd,
 That make an *Ass* prodigious and refin'd.
 A Lump deform'd and shapeless, wert thou born,
 Begot in Loves Despite and Natures Scorn;
 And art grown up the most ungrateful Wight,
 Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the sight,
 Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight.
 Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
 Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
 To paint thy grizly Face, to dance, to dress,
 And all those Awkward Follies, that express
 Thy loathsome Love, and filthy Daintiness.
 Who needs will be an Ugly *Beau-Garcon*,
 Spit at, and shun'd, by ev'ry Girl in Town;
 Where dreadfully Loves Scare-crow thou art plac'd,
 To fright the tender Flock that long to taste:
 While ev'ry coming Maid, when you appear, (fear
 Starts back for shame, and strait turns Chaste for
 For none so Poor or Prostitute have prov'd,
 Where you *made Love*, t'endure to be *Belov'd*.
 'Twere labour lost, or else I wou'd advise;
 But thy half Wit will ne'er let thee be wise.
 Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,
 Half-honest (which is very much a Knave.)
 Made up of all these halves, thou can'st not pass
 For any thing intirely but an *Ass*.

The Answer.

Rail on poor feeble Scribbler, speak of me
 In as bad Terms as the World speaks of thee.
 Sit swelling in thy Hole, like a vext *Toad*,
 And full of Pox, and Malice, spit abroad ;
 Thou can'st hurt no Mans Fame with thy ill word,
 Thy *Pen* is full as harmless as thy *Sword*.

Upon his leaving his Mistris.

'TIS not that I'm wary grown
 Of being yours, and yours alone,
 But with what Face can I incline
 To damn you to be *only mine* ?
 You whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,
 By Merit and by Inclination,
 The joy at least of one whole Nation.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex
 With humbler aims their thoughts perplex,
 And boast, if by their Arts they can
 Contrive to make *one* happy Man ;
 Whilst, mov'd by an impartial sense,
 Favours like Nature you dispence,
 With *Universal* Influence.

See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,
 To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth ;

On

On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,
 Her willing Womb retains 'em all;
 And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
 No, live up to thy mighty Mind,
 And be the *Mistris of Mankind*.

Upon his drinking a Bowl.

V*ulcan* contrive me such a Cup,
 As *Nestor* us'd of old;
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack
 Up to the swelling brim;
 Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,
 Like Ships at Sea may swim.

Engrave not Battle on his Cheek,
 With War I've nought to do;
 I'm none of those that took *Mastrich*,
 Nor *Yarmouth* Leager knew.

Let it no name of Planets tell,
 Fixt Stars or Constellations;
 For I am no Sir *Sydrophell*,
 Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine,
 Then add two lovely Boys;
 Their Limbs in Amorous folds intwine,
 The Type of future joys.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are,
 May Drink and Love still reign,
 With Wine I wash away my Care,
 And then to Love again.

Song.

As *Cloris* full of harmless thoughts
 Beneath a Willow lay;
 Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought
 To pass the time away.

She blusht to be encounter'd so,
 And chid the Amorous Swain;
 But as she strove to rise and go,
 He pull'd her down again.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
 In spight of her disdain;
 She found a Pulse in ev'ry part,
 And love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah Youth (said she) what Charms are these
 That Conquer and surprise;
 Ah let me---for unless you please,
 I have no power to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
 For fear he shou'd comply;
 Her lovely Eyes, her Heart betray,
 And give her Tongue the lye.

Thus she, who *Princes* had deny'd,
 With all their *Pomp* and *Train*;
 Was in the lucky *Minute* try'd,
 And yielded to the *Swain*.

Song.

I Rise at Eleven, I Dine about Two, (I do ;
 I get drunk before Seven, and the next thing
 I send for my Whore, when for fear of a Clap,
 I dally about her, and spew in her Lap :
 There we quarrel and scold till I fall asleep,
 When the Jilt growing bold, to my Pocket does
 (creep ;
 Then flyly she leaves me, and to revenge th' af-
 (front,
 At once both my Lafs, and my Money I want.
 If by chance then I wake, hot-headed and drunk
 What a coyl do I make for the loss of my Punk ?
 I storm, and I roar, and I fall in a Rage,
 And missing my Lafs, I fall on my Page :
 Then crop-sick all Morning, I rail at my Men,
 And in Bed I lye Yawning till Eleven agen.

Song.

Love a Woman ! y're an *Ass*,
 'Tis a most insipid Passion
 To choose out for your happiness !
 The idlest part of the Creation.

Let

Let the Porter, and the Groom,
 Things design'd for dirty Slaves,
 Drudge in fair *Aurelia's* Womb,
 To get supplies for Age and Graves.

Farewell Woman, I intend,
 Henceforth ev'ry Night to sit,
 With my lewd well natur'd Friend,
 Drinking to engender Wit.

Then give me Health, Wealth, Mirth and Wine,
 And if busie Love intrrenches,
 There's a sweet soft Love of mine,
 Does the trick worth forty Wenches.

Song to Cloris.

FAir *Cloris* in a Pig-Stye lay,
 Her tender Herd lay by her,
 She slept in murm'ring gruntlings, they
 Complaining of the scorching day,
 Her slumbers thus inspire.

She dreamt, whilst she with careful pains,
 Her Snowy Arms employ'd,
 In Ivory Pails, to fill out Grains,
 One of her Love convicted Swains,
 Thus hasting to her cry'd..

Fly Nymph ! O fly ! e're 'tis too late,
 A dear lov'd life to save,
 Rescue your Bosom *Pig* from Fate,
 Who now expires, hung in the Gate,
 That leads to yonder Cave.

My self had try'd to set him free,
 Rather than brought the News,
 But I am so abhor'd by thee,
 That ev'n thy Darlings life from me,
 I know thou woud'st refuse.

Struck with the News, as quick she flies;
 As blushes to her Face ;
 Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
 Nor Love, shot from her brighter Eyes,
 Move half so swift a pace.

This Plot, it seems, the lustful Slave
 Had laid against her Honour,
 Which not one God took care to save,
 For he pursues her to the Cave,
 And throws himself upon her.

Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,
 She feels the Foe within it,
 She hears a broken Am'rous groan,
 The panting Lovers fainting moan,
 Just in the happy Minute.

Frighted she wakes, and waking sighs,
 Nature thus kindly eas'd,
 In dreams rais'd by her murm'ring *Pigs*,
 And her own Thumb between her Legs,
 She's innocently pleas'd.

Song.

Song.

Give me leave to rail at you,
 I ask nothing but my due ;
 To call you false, and then to say,
 You shall not keep my Heart a day.
 But alas ! against my will,
 I must be your Captive still.
 Ah ! be kinder then, for I
 Cannot change, and wou'd not dye.

Kindness has resistless charms,
 All besides, but weakly move,
 Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the Wings of flying Love.
 Beauty does the Heart invade,
 Kindness only can persuade ;
 It guilds the Lovers servile Chain,
 And makes the Slave grow pleas'd again.

The Answer.

Nothing adds to your fond fire,
 More than scorn and cold disdain,
 I to cherish your desire,
 Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain,
 You insulted on your Slave,
 Humble Love you soon refus'd,
 Hope not then a pow'r to have,
 Which ingloriously you us'd.

Think

Think not *Thirsis* I will e're,
 By my Love my Empire lose ;
 You grow constant through despair ;
 Love return'd, you wou'd abuse.
 Though you still possess my Heart,
 Scorn and Rigor I must feign ;
 Ah ! Forgive that only Art
 Love has left, your love to gain.

You that cou'd my Heart subdue,
 To new Conquests ne're pretend,
 Let your example make me true,
 And of a Conquer'd Foe, a Friend :
 Then if e're I shou'd complain,
 Of your Empire, or my Chain,
 Summon all your pow'rful Charms,
 And sell the Rebel in your Arms.

Plain Dealings Downfall.

Long time *Plain dealing* in the Haughty Town,
 Wandring about, though in a thread-bare
 At last unanimously was cry'd down. (Gown,

When almost starv'd, she to the Country fled,
 In hopes, though meanly, she shou'd there be fed,
 And tumble Nightly on a Pea-straw Bed.

But Knav'ry knowing her intent, took post,
 And Rumour'd her approach through every Coast,
 Vowing his Ruin, that shou'd be her Host.

Frighted

Frighted at this, each *Rustick* shut his door,
 Bid her be gone, and trouble him no more,
 For he that entertain'd her must be *Poor*.

At this grief seiz'd her, grief too great to tell,
 When weeping, sighing, fainting, down she fell,
 Whilst Knavery Laughing, Rung her passing Bell.

Song.

Phillis, be gentler I advise,
 Make up for time mis-spent,
 When Beauty on it's Death-bed lyes,
 'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
 That makes you Old so soon,
 Your pleasure ever comes too late,
 How early e're begun.

Think what a wretched thing is she
 Whose Stars contrive in spight,
 The Morning of her love should be,
 Her Fading Beauties Night.

Then if to make your ruin more,
 You'l peevishly be coy,
 Dye with the scandal of a Whore,
 And never know the joy.

D

Song.

Song.

WHat cruel pains *Corinna* takes,
To force that harmless frown,
When not a Charm her face forfakes ;
Love cannot lose his own.

So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,
Such Eyes, so very kind,
Betray alas ! the silly Art,
Virtue had ill design'd.

Poor feeble *Tyrant*, who in vain,
Wou'd proudly take upon her,
Against kind *Nature*, to maintain,
Affected Rules of *Honour*.

The scorn she bears, so helpless proves
When I plead passion to her,
That much she fears, but more she loves
Her *Vassal* shou'd undo her.

Womans Honour.

LOve bad me hope, and I obey'd,
Phillis continu'd still unkind,
Then you may e'ne despair, he said,
In vain I strive to change her *Mind*.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart,
Durst he but venture once abroad,

In my own right, I'd take your part,
And shew my self the mightier *God*.

This huffing Honour domineers,
In *Breasts* alone, where he has place ;
But if true gen'rous Love appears,
The *Hector* dares not show his Face,

Let me still Languish and complain,
Be most unhumanly deny'd,
I have some pleasure in my pain,
She can have none with all her *Pride*.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,
She lives a *Wretch* for *Honours* sake,
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

Consider real *Honour* then,
You'll find hers cannot be the same,
'Tis Noble confidence in *Men*,
In *Women*, mean mistrustful shame.

Song.

TO This moment a *Rebel* I throw down my
(Arms,
Great *Love*, at first sight of *Olindas* bright Charm's,
Made proud, and secure, by such forces as these,
You may now play the *Tyrant*, as soon as you please.

When Innocence, *Beauty* and *Wit* do conspire,
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire,
D 2 Why

Why shou'd I decline, what I cannot avoid;
And let pleasing hope, by base fear be destroy'd

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why shou'd it pursue me
And Wit has to pleasure been ever a friend, (end
Then what room for despair, since delight is Love

There can be no danger in sweetness and Youth
Where Love is secur'd by good nature and truth
On her Beauty I'll gaze and of pleasure complain
While ev'ry kind look adds a Link to my Chain

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
But her Wit leads in triumph the Slave of her eyes
I beheld with the loss of my freedom before,
But bearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my *Goddess*, her *Temple* too weak
Retire *Divine Image*, I feel my Heart break,
Help Love, I dissolve in a Rapture of *Charms*,
At the thought of those joys I shou'd meet in
(Art

Song.

HOW happy *Cloris* (were they free)
Might our enjoyments prove?
But you with former *Jealousie*,
Are still tormenting Love.

Let us (since Wit instructs us how)
Raise Pleasure to the top,
If *Rival Bottle*, you'll allow,
I'll suffer *Rival Fop*.

There's not a brisk insipid Spark,
That flutters in the Town,
But with your wanton eyes you mark
The *Coxcomb* for your own.

You never think it worth your care.
How empty, nor how dull,
The Heads of your admirers are,
So that their *Veins* be full.

All this you freely may confess,
Yet we'll not disagree;
For did you love your pleasure less,
You were not fit for me.

While I my passion to pursue,
Am whole Nights taking in
The *lusty Juice of Grapes*, take you
The *lusty Juice of Men*.

Love and Life, a Song.

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o're,
Whose Images are kept in store,
By Memory alone.

What ever is to come, is not,
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot.
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis is wholly thine.

Then,

Then talk not of inconstancy ,
 False Hearts and broken Vows,
 If I by Miracle can be
 This live-long Minute true to thee
 'Tis all that Heav'n allows

The Fall, a Song.

How blest was the Created State
 Of Man and Woman, ere they fell,
 Compar'd to our unhappy Fate ;
 We need not fear another Hell.

Naked beneath cool Shades they lay,
 Enjoyment waited on desire.
 Each member did their wills obey,
 Nor cou'd a wish set pleasure higher.

But we poor Slaves, to hope and fear,
 Are never of our joys secure.
 They lessen still as they draw near,
 And none but dull delights endure.

Then *Cloris*, while I duly pay
 The Noble Tribute of my Heart,
 Be not you so severe to say,
 You love me for a frailer part.

Song.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
 To see a Wretch pursuing,
 In Raptures of a blest amaze,
 This pleasing happy ruin.

'Tis

'Tis not for pitty that I move,
 His Fate is too aspiring,
 Whose Heart broke with a load of Love,
 Dyes wishing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forgo,
 Your Slave from Death removing,
 Let me your Art of Charming know,
 Or learn you mine of Loving.

But whether Life or Death betide,
 In Love 'tis equal measure,
 The *Victor* lives with empty pride,
 The *Vanquish'd* dyes with pleasure.

Song.

Room, room, for a Blade of the Town,
 That takes delight in Roaring,
 And dayly rambles up and down,
 And at Night in the Street lyes Snoaring.
 That for the Noble name of *Spark*,
 Dares his Companions rally ;
 Commits a Murther in the dark,
 Then sneaks into an Alley.
 To ev'ry Female that he meets,
 He swears he bares affection,
 Defies all Laws, Arrests, and Feats,
 By help of a protection.
 Then he intending further wrongs,
 By some resenting Cully,
 Is decently run through the Lungs,
 And there's an end of *Bully*.

Song.

Against the Charms our Passions have,
 How weak all human skill is?
 Since they can make a Man a slave,
 To such a Wretch as *Phillis*.

Whom that I may describe throughout,
 Assist me Loving pow'rs,
 I'll write upon a double Clout,
 And dip my Pen in Show'rs.

Her look's demurely impudent,
 Ungainly Beautiful,
 Her Modesty is insolent,
 Her Mirth is pert and dull.

A Prostitute to all the Town,
 And yet with no Man Friends,
 She rails and scolds when she lies down,
 And Curses loud she sends.

Bawdy in thoughts, precise in words,
 Ill natur'd and a Whore,
 No part of her ought good affords,
 She's all a Common-shore.

Song.

I Cannot change as others do
 Though you unjustly scorn,
 Since that poor Swayn that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.

No

No *Phyllis*, no, your Heart to move,
 A surer way I'll try,
 And to revenge my slighted Love,
 Will still Love on, will still Love on and dye.

When kill'd with grief *Amyntas* lyes,
 And you to mind shall call,
 The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
 The Tears that vainly fall;
 That welcome hour that ends this smart,
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender Heart,
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

The Mock Song.

I Wench as well as others do,
 I'm young, not yet deform'd,
 My tender Heart, sincere and true,
 Deserves not to be scorn'd,
 Why *Phyllis* then, why will you Trade,
 With forty Lovers more?
 Can I (said she) with Nature strive,
 Alas I am, alas I am a VVhore.

VVere all my Body larded o're,
 VVith Darts of Love so thick,
 That you might find in ev'ry Pore,
 A Dart of Love did stick.
 VVhilst yet my Eyes alone were free,
 My Heart won'd never doubt,
 In Am'rous Rage and Extasie,
 To wish those Eyes, to wish those Eyes done out
Greci-

GRECIAN KINDNESS

A Song.

THe utmost Grace the *Greeks* could Show,
 VVhen to the *Trojans* they grew Kind,
 VVas with their Arms to let 'em go,
 And leave their Lingring VVives behind.
 They Beat the Men, and burnt the Town
 Then all the Baggage was their Own.

2.

There the kind Deity of VVine
 Kiss'd the Soft wanton God of Love :
 This clapt his VVings, that Press'd his Vine,
 And their best Powers United move.
 VVhile each brave *Greek* imbrac'd his Punk
 Lull'd her asleep, and then got Drunk.

Consideratus, Considerandus.

WHat pleasures can the gaudy VVorld afford ?
 VVhat true delights do's teeming Nature
 hoard (sure ?
 In her great Store-house, where she lays her treaz-
 Alas, 'tis all the shaddow of a pleasure.
 No true Content in all her works are found,
 No sollid Joys in all Earths spacious round.
 For Labouring Man, who toils himself in vain,
 Eagerly grasping, what creates his pain.
 How false and feeble, nay scarce worth a Name,
 Are Riches, Honour, Pow'r, and babling Fame.
 Yet 'tis for these, Men wade through Seas of Blood,
 And bold in *Mischief*, Storm to be withstood :

Which

Which when obtain'd, breed but Stupendious Fear,
 Strife, Jelonies, and sleep-disturbing care,
 No beam of comfort, not a Ray of light (Night ;
 Shines thence, to guide us thro' Fates Gloomy
 But lost in devious Darknefs, there we stary
 Bereft of Reason, in an endless way.

Vertue's the Sollid good, if any be ;
 'Tis that Creates our true Felicitie,
 Though we Despise, Contemn, and cast it by,
 As worthlefs, or our fatal'it Enemy ;
 Because our darling lusts it dare controule,
 And bound the Rovings of the Madding Soul.
 Therefore in Garments poor, it still appears,
 And sometimes (naked) it no Garment wears ;
 Shun'd by the Great, and worthlefs thought by

(most,

Urg'd to be gone, or wish'd for ever lost ;
 Yet is it loth to leave our wretched Coast.
 But in disguise does here and there intrude,
 Striving to conquer base Ingratitude :
 And boldly ventures now and then to Shine,
 So to make known it is of Birth divine ;
 But Clouded oft, it like the Lightning plays,
 Losing as soon as seen, its pointed Rays, (wit,
 Which Scarceness makes those that are weak in
 For Virtues self, admire it's counterfeit :
 VVith which dam'd *Hipocrites* the VVorld delude,
 As we on *Indians* *Glass* for Gems intrude,

The first Letter from B. to Mr. E.

DReaming last Night on Mrs. Farley,
 My thing was up this Morning early ;
 And I was fain without my Gown,
 To rise i' th' cold to get him down.

Hard

Hard shift alas, but yet a sure,
 Although it be no pleasing cure.
 Of old the fair *Egyptian* Slattern,
 For Luxury that had no pattern,
 To fortifie her *Roman* Swinger,
 Instead of Nutmegs, Mace and Ginger,
 Did spice his Bow'ls (as story tells)
 With Warts of Rocks, and Spawn of Shells
 It had been happy for her Grace,
 Had I been in the *Roman's* place,
 I, who do scorn that any Stone,
 Shou'd raise my Tackle but my own,
 Had laid her down on every Couch,
 And spar'd her Pearl and Diamond Brouch,
 Until her *Memphian* Majesty,
 Being happily reclaim'd by me,
 From all her wild expensive ways,
 Had wore her Gems on Holy Days.
 But since her Love has long been over,
 Let us what's in this Town discover.

I must intreat you by this Letter,
 To enquire for Maids, the more the better ;
 Hunger makes any Man a Glutton,
 If *Roberts, Thomas, Mrs. Dutton,*
 Or any other Dame of note,
 Inform of a fresh Petticote.
 Enquire I pray with Friendly care,
 Where their respective Lodgings are.
 Some do compare a Man t' a Barque,
 A pretty Metaphor, pray mark,
 And with a long and tedious story,
 Will all the Tackling lay before ye,
 The Sails are Hope, the Masts Desire,
 Till they the gentlest Reader tire.
 But howso'ere they keep a pudder.

I'm sure the P—— is the Rudder.
 The pow'rful Rudder, which of force;
 To Town must shortly steer my course;
 And if you do not there provide
 A Port, where I may safely ride,
 Landing in hast in some foul Creek,
 'Tis ten to one I spring a Leak.

Next I must make it my request,
 If you have any interest,
 Or can by any means discover,
 Some lamentable Rhyming Lover,
 VWho shall in Numbers harsh and vile,
 His Mistriss, *Nymph*, or *Goddeſs* ſtile,
 Send all his Labours down to me,
 By the first opportunity.

Or any Knights of your round Table,
 To other Scriblers formidable;
 Guilty themselves of the ſame Crime,
 Drefs Nonſence up in ragged Rhyme,
 As one a week, they ſeldom fail,
 Inspir'd with Love and Grid-Iron Ale.

Or any Paultery Poetry,
 Tho from the place where Schollars be.
 Who when the K—— and Q—— were there,
 Did both their VVit and Learning ſpare;
 And have (I hope) endeavour'd ſince,
 To make the World ſome recompence.
 Such damned *Fuſtian*, when you meet,
 Be not too raſh or indiſcreet;
 Tho they can find no Juſt excuſes,
 To put 'em to their proper uſes
 Of fatal Privy, or the Fire
 Their Nobler Foe, at my deſire
 Reſtrain your nat'ral Profuſeneſs,
 And ſpare 'em, though you have a Loofeneſs.

Mr. E-----s Answer.

AS crafty *Harlots* use to shrink
 From *Letchers*, dos'd with sleep and drink,
 When they intend to make up Pack,
 By filching Sheets, or shirt from Back ;
 So were you pleas'd to steal away
 From me, whilst on your Bed I lay :
 But long you had not been departed,
 When, pincht with cold, from thence I started ;
 Where missing you, I stamp't and star'd,
 Like *Bacon*, when he wak'd and heard
 His *Brazen-Head* in vain had spoke,
 And saw it lye in pieces broke :
 Sighing, I to my Chamber make,
 And ev'ry *Limb* was stiff as stake
 Unless poor *Pego*, which did feel.
 Like slimy skin of new stript Eel,
 Or Pudding, that mischance had got,
 And lost it self half in the Pot.
 With care, I hear'd the sneaking wretch
 That late had been in a deep Ditch :
 But neither Shirt, nor Water cou'd,
 Remove the stench of filthy Mud.
 The Queen of Love from Sea did spring,
 Whence the best *Merkins* scent like *Ling*.
 But sure this over jilting Jade,
 Was of some fouler Matter made ;
 Or else her *Breath* cou'd never stink,
 Like Pump that foul, or nasty Sink.

VVhen

When this was done, to Bed I went,
 And the whole day, in sleep I spent ;
 But the next morning fresh and gay,
 As Citizen on Holy day ;
 I wander'd in the spacious Town,
 Amongst the Dames of best renown !
 To *Temple* I a visit made,
Temple ! the Beauty of her Trade !
 The only Bawd that ever I,
 For want of *Doxie* cou'd employ ?
 She made me Friends with *Mrs. Cusley*,
 Whom we indeed had us'd too roughly ;
 For by a gentler way I found,
 She wou'd be kind under ten Pound.
 So resty Jades which scorn to stir,
 Though oft provok'd by Switch and Spur :
 By milder usage may be got,
 To fall into their wonted Trot.

But what success I further had,
 And what discov'ries good and bad
 I made in roving up and down,
 I'll tell you when you come to Town.

Further, I have obey'd your motion,
 Though much provok'd by Pill and Potion,
 And sent you down some paultry Rhymes,
 The greatest grievance of our Times ;
 When such as Nature never made
 For Poets, dayly will invade
 Wits Empire, both the Stage and Press,
 And which is worth with good success.

*The Second Letter from B----to
Mr. E----*

IF I can guess the Devil choak me,
What horrid fury cou'd provoke thee,
To use thy railing scurr'lous VVit,
Against Loves Joys, the source of it :
For what but Love, and transports raise
Our thoughts to Songs, and Roundelays ?
Enables us to *Annagrams*,
And other Amorous flim flams ?
Then we write Plays, and so proceed,
To *Bays*, the Poets sacred Wead,
Hast not respect for God *Priapus* ?
That Antient Story shall not scape us.
Priapus was a Roman God,
But in plain *English*, ———
That pleas'd their Sisters, Wives and Daughters,
Guarded their Pippins and Pomwaters,
For at the Orchards utmost entry,
This mighty Guardian stood Centry ;
Invested in a tatter'd Blanket,
To scare the Mag-pyes from their Banquet :
But this may serve to shew we trample,
On Rule and Method by example
Of Authors some, who to snap at all,
Will talk of *Cæsar* i' th' Capitol,
Of *Cinthia's* Beams, and *Sols* bright Ray,
Known Foe to Butter-milk and VVhey,
Which softens VVax, and hardens Clay.

}
All

All this without the least connexion,
Which to say truth's enough to vex one ;
But farewell all Poëtique dizziness,
And now to come unto the buliness.

Tell the bright Nymth, how sad and pensively
E're since we us'd her so offensively,
In dismal shades, with Arms across,
I sit lamenting of my loss ;
To *Eccho* I her Name commend,
Who has it now at her Tongues end,
And *Parrot*-like repeats the same,
For shou'd you talk of *Tamberlayn*,
Cuffey ! she cries at the same time,
Though the last Accents do not Rhyme :
Far more than *Eccho*, e'rs did yet,
For *Philis* or bright *Amoret*.

With Pen knife keen of mod'rate size,
As bright and piercing as her Eyes ;
A glitt'ring Weapon which wou'd scorn,
To pair a Nail, or cut a Corn ;
Upon the Trees of smoothest Bark,
I carve her mane or else her mark,
Which commonly's a bleeding Heart,
A weeping Eye or flaming Dart.

Here on a Beech like Am'rous Sot,
I sometimes carve a True-loves Knot ;
There a tall Oak her name does bear,
In a large spreading Character.
I chose the fairest and the best
Of all the Grove, amongst the rest,
I carv'd it on a Lofty Pine,
Which wept a pint of Turpentine ;
Such was the terror of her Name,
By the report of evil Fame.

(Who tir'd with immoderate flight,
 Had lodg'd upon its Boughs all Night.)
 The wary Tree, who fear'd a Clap,
 And knew the vertue of his Sap,
 Drapt Balsom into ev'ry Wound,
 Aud in an hours time was found.
 But you are unacquainted yet
 With half the pow'r of *Amoret*,
 For she can drink, as well as do,
 Her growing Empire still must grow,
 Our Hearts weak Forts, we must resign, }
 When Beauty des it's forces joyn
 With Mans strong Enemy, good Wine: }
 This I was told by — Obryon,
 A Man whose word I much rely on,
 He kept touch, and came down hither,
 When thou wert scar'd with the foul Weather,
 But if thou woud'st forgiven be,
 Say that thy Love detained thee.
 Love, whose strong Charms the World bewitches,
 The Joy of Kings! the Beggars Riches!
 The Courtiers business, Citizens leisure!
 The tyr'd Tinkers ease and Pleasure!
 Of which alas I've leave to prate,
 But oh the rigor of my Fate!
 For want of bouncing *Bona Roba*!
Lasciva est nobis pagina vita proba.
 For that Rhyme I was fain to fumble,
 When *Pegasus* begins to stumble,
 'Tis time to rest, your very humble.

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Mr. E---s Answer.

SO soft and Am'rously you write,
 Of things that me in bed delight ;
 That were I still in *Lanthorn* sweating,
 Swallowing of *Bolus*, or a spitting,
 I shou'd forget each injury,
 The City Misses, offer'd me,
 And only of my Fate complain,
 Because I must from them abstain.
 The pow'rful God of Love, whose name
 Kindles in me an Amorous flame !
 Begins to make my Vigor rise,
 And long again to fight Loves Prize
 Forgetful of those many Scars,
 I have reciv'd in *Venus* Wars.

This shews Loves chiefeſt Magick lyes
 In Womans concaves, not their Eyes,
 There *Cupid* does his Revells keep,
 There Lovers all their sorrows steep,
 For having once but tasted that,
 Our miseries are quite forgot.

This may suffice to let you know
 That I to Sporting am no Foe,
 Though you are pleas'd to think me so. }

'Tis strange his Zeal shou'd be in suspicion,
 Who dyes a Martyr for's Religion.

But now to give you an account
 Of *Cuffley*, that Last *Paramount* !

Cuffley ! whose Beauty warms the Age,
 And fills our Youth with Love and Rage,
 Who like fierce Wolves pursue the Game,

While secretly the Lecherous Dame,
 With some choice Gallant takes her flight,
 And in a Corner Hugs all Night.
 Then the next Morning we all hunt,
 To find who is grown lank upon 't,
 With Jealousie, and envy mov'd,
 Against the Man that was belov'd.
 Whil'd you within some Neighb'ring Grove
 Indite the Story of your Love,
 And with your Pen-knife, keen, and bright,
 On stately Trees your passion VVrite,
 So that each Nymph that passes through,
 Must envy her and pity you ;
 VVe at the *Fleece* or at the *Bear*,
 VVith good Case-Knife, well whet on Stair:
 A gentle VVeapon, made to feed
 Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed ;
 A thousand Am'rous fancies scrape,
 There's not a Pewter-dish can scape
 VVithout her Name or Arms, which are,
 The same that Love himself does bear.
 Here one to shew you Lov's no Glutton,
 I'th' midst of Supper, leaves his Mutton,
 And on a greasie Plate with care,
 Carves the bright Image of the Fair.
 Another though a drunken Sot,
 Neglects his VVine, and on the Pot,
 A band of naked *Cupids* draws,
 VVith Tools no bigger than VVheat Straws.
 Then on a nasty Condestick,
 One Figures Loves Hierogliphick,
 And that the sight may more inflame
 The lookers on, subscribes her name,
Cuffley ! her Sexes Pride and Shame.

} There

There's not a Man but does discover
 By some such *Action* he's her Lover,
 But now 'tis time to give her over,
 And let your Lordship, know, you are
 The Mistriss that employs our care;
 Your absence makes us Melancholly,
 Nor Drink, nor Love, can make us jolly;
 Unless w'ave you within our Arms,
 In whom there dwells diviner Charms
 Then quit with speed the pensive Grove,
 And here in Town pursue your love
 Where at your coming, you shall find
 Your Servants glad, your Mistriss kind,
 And all devoted to your Mind.

With your very Hum-
 ble Servant

On Mr. E----H----upon his
B----P-----

Come on ye *Criticks*! find one fault who dare,
 For read it backward like a *Witches* Pray'r,
 'Twill do as well; throw not away your Jest
 On solid Nonsense, that abides all Tests.
 Wit, like Tierce Clarrer, when't begins to pall,
 Neglected lyes, and's of no use at all;
 But in its full perfection of decay,
 Turns Vinegar and comes again in play.
 This Simile shall stand in thy defence, (*sence.*
 'Gainst such dull Rogues, as now and then write,
 He

He lyes dear *Ned*, who says thy Brain is barren,
 Where deep conceits, like *Vermine* breed in *Carrin*;
 Thou hast a Brain, such as thou hast indeed,
 On what else, shou'd thy Worm of Fancy feed ?
 Yet in a *Philbert* I have often known
 Maggots survive, when all the *Kernell's* gone.
 Thy *Stile's* the same, what ever be the *Theame*,
 As some digestions turn all Meat to *Phelm*.
 Thy stumbling *Founder'd Jade*, can Trot as high,
 As any other *Pegasus* can fly.
 As skillful *Dyvers* to the Bottom fall,
 Sooner than those that cannot swim at all ;
 So in this way of writing, without thinking.
 Thou hast a strange *Alacrity*, in sinking,
 Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own nat'ral parts, }
 And with acquir'd dullness and new Arts }
 Of study'd Nonsense, tak'st kind Readers hearts. }
 So the dull *Eele* moves nimbler in the Mud,
 Than all the swift *Finn'd Racers* of the Flood.
 Therefore dear *Ned*, at my advice forbear, }
 Such loud complaints 'gasnst *Criticks* to prefer, }
 Since thou art turn'd an Arrant Libeller :
 Thou set'st thy Name to what thy self does write,
 Did ever Libell yet so sharply bite.

On the same Author upon his
 B----P.----

AS when a *Bully* draws his Sword,
 Though no Man gives him a cross word ;
 And all perswasions are in vain,
 To make him put it up again ;

Each

Each Man draws too, and falls upon him,
 To take the wicked Weapon from him :
 Ev'n so dear *Ned*, thy desp'rate Pen,
 No less disturbs all witty Men,
 And makes 'em wonder what a Devil,
 Provokes thee to be so uncivil ;
 When thou and all thy Friends must know 'em,
 Thou yet wilt dare to Print thy Poem.
 That poor Currs fate, and thine are one,
 Who has his Tail pegg'd in a Bone ;
 About he runs no body'l own him,
 Men, Boys, and Dogs are all upon him.
 And first the greater Wits were at thee,
 Now ev'ry little Fool will pat thee;
 Fellows, that ne're were heard or read of,
 (If thou writ'st on) will write thy head off.
 Thus Mastives only have the knack,
 To cast the Bear upon her Back ;
 But when th' unweildy Beast is thown,
 Mungrills will serve to keep him down.

*On the same Author upon his
 New Ut---*

THou dam'd *Antipodes* to common sense,
 Thou foyle to Fluence ! prethee tell from
 (whence
 Does all this mighty Rock of dullness spring,
 Which in such Loads thou to the Stage dost bring?
 Is't all thy own ? or hast thou from *Snow-hill*
 Th' assistance of some *Ballad* making *Quill* ?
 No, they fly higher yet ; thy plays are such,
 I'd swear they were translated out of *Dutch* :

And who the Devil was e're yet so drunk,
 To read the *Volumes* of *Myn-Heer-Van-Dunk*?
 Fain wou'd I know what Dyet thou dost keep,
 If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
 Sure Hasty Pudding is thy chiefest Dish,
 With Lights, and Livers, and with stinking Fish,
 Ox-cheek, Tripe, Garbage, thou dost treat thy Brain
 Which nobly pays this tribute back again.
 With Dazy Roots, thy dwarfish Muse is fed,
 A *Gyants* Body, with a *Pigmyes* Head.

Canst thou not find amongst thy num'rous Race,
 One Friend so kind, to tell thee that thy Play's
 Laught at by Box, Pit, Gallery, nay Stage,
 And grown the naus'ous grievance of this Age!
 Think on 't a while, and thou wilt quickly find,
 Thy Body made for labour, not thy Mind,
 Nor other use of Poper thou shou'dst make,
 But carry Loads of Rheams upon thy Back;
 Carry vast Burthens till thy shoulders shrink,
 But curst be he, that gives thee Pen and Ink,
 Those dangerous Weapons shou'd be kept from

(Fools,

As Nurses from their Children keep Edg-tools.
 For thy dull Muse, a Muckender were fit,
 To wipe the flav'rings of her Infant Wit,
 Which though 'ts late (if Justice cou'd be found)
 Shou'd lik e blind new born Puppys, yet be drown'd
 For were it not we must respect afford,
 To any Muse, that's Grand-child to a Lord;
 Thine in the Ducking-stool shou'd take her Seat,
 Drencht like her self in a great Chair of State,
 Where like a Muse of Quality she'll dye,
 And thou thy self, shalt make her *Elegy*,
 In the same Strain thou writ'st thy *Comedy*.

The

The disappointment.

ONe Day the Am'rous *Lisander*,
 By an impatient passion sway'd,
 Serpriz'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd Maid,
 Who cou'd defend herself no longer ;
 All things did with his love conspire,
 The guilded *Planet* of the Day,
 In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
 Was now descending to the Sea,
 And left no light to guide the World,
 But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd

2.

In a lone *Tbicket* made for love,
 Silent as yeilding Maids consent,
 She with a Charming Languishment,
 Permits his force, yet gently strove;
 Her hands, his Bosom softly meet,
 But not to put him back design'd,
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
 Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet ;
 Resistance, 'tis too late to shew,
 She wants the pow'r to say--*Ab ! what d'ye do ?*
 Her bright Eyes sweet and yet severe,
 Where Love and shame confus'dly strive,
 Fresh vigor to *Lisander* give,
 And whisp'ring softly in his Ear,
 She cry'd---*cease---cease---your vain desire.*

Or

*Or I'll call out, what wou'd you do ?
 My dearer Honour ev'n to you,
 I cannot—must not give—retire,
 Or take that life, whose chiefest part,
 I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.*

4.

But he, as much unus'd to Fear,
 As he was capable of Love,
 The blessed Minutes to improve,
 Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair !
 Each touch ! her new desires Allarms !
 His burning trembling hand he prest
 Upon her melting Snowy Breast,
 While she lay panting in his Armes !
 All her ungarded Beauties lye,
 The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

5.

And now without respect or fear,
 He seeks the Object of his Vows.
 His love no modesty allows.
 By swift degrees, advancing where
 His daring Hand that Alter seiz'd,
 Where Gods of Love do Sacrifice !
 That awful Throne ! that Paradise !
 Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd ?
 That living Fountain, from whose Trills,
 The melted Soul in liquid drops distills !

6.

Her balmey Lips, encountering his,
 Their Bodies, as their Souls they joyn'd,
 Where both in transports unconfin'd,
 Extend themselves upon the Moss !
 Cloris half dead, and breathless lay,
 Her Eyes appear'd like Humid light,

Such

Such as divides the Day and Night,
 Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay ;
 And now no signs of life she shows,
 But what in short-breath'd sighs returns and goes.

7.

He saw how at her length she lay,
 He saw her rising Bosome bare ;
 Her loose thin Robes, through which appear,
 A shape design'd for love and play.
 Abandon'd by her Pride and shame,
 She does her softest sweets dispence,
 Off'ring her Virgin innocence,
 A *Victim* to Loves Sacred flame.
 Whilst th' o're ravisht Shephard lyes,
 Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

8.

Ready to tast a Thousand Joys,
 The too transported hapless Swayne,
 Found the vast pleasure turn'd to pain:
 Pleasure ! which too much love destroys.
 The willing Garment by he laid,
 And Heav'n all open to his view.
 Mad to possess, himself he threw
 On the defenceless lovely Maid !
 But oh ! What envious Gods conspire !
 To snatch his pow'r, yet leave him the desire

9.

Natures support, without whose Aid,
 She can no humane being give ;
 It self now wants the Art to live ;
 Faintness, its slacken'd *Nerves* invade,
 In vain th' enraged Youth assay'd,
 To call his fleeting Vigor back ;
 No motion 'twill from motion take,
 Excess of love, his love betray'd,

In vain he toils, in vain commands,
Th' Insensible, fell weeping in his Hands.

10.

In this so Am'rous cruel strife,
Where Love and Fate were too severe,
The poor *Lisander* in despair,
Renounc'd his reason with his life.
Now all the brisk and active Fire,
That shou'd the noble part inflame,
And left no spark for new desire ;
Not all her naked Charms cou'd move,
Or calme that Rage, that had debauch'd his love.

11.

Cloris, returning from the Trance,
Which love and soft desire had bred,
Her tim'rous hand she gently laid,
Or guided by design or chance,
Upon that *Fabulous Priapus*,
That *Potent God* (as Poets feign)
But never did young Shepherdess,
(Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain)
More nimbly draw her fingers back,
Finding beneath the Verden Leaves a *Snake*;

12.

Then *Cloris* her fair hand withdrew,
Finding that God of her desires,
Disarm'd of all his pow'rful Fires,
And cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning Dew ;
Who can the *Nymphs* confusion guess ?
The blood forsook the kinder place,
And strew'd with blushes all her Face,
Which both disdain and shame express ?
And from *Lisanders* Arms she fled,
Leaving him fainting on the Gloomy Bed.

13.

13.

Like Lightning through the Grove, she hies,
 Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God ;
 No print upon the Grassy Road
 She leaves, t' instruct pursuing Eyes ;
 The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,
 And with her ruffled Garments plaid,
 Discover'd in the flying Maid
 All that the Gods e're made of Fair.
 So *Venus* when her Love was slain,
 With fear and hast flew o're the Fatal Plain.

14.

The Nymphs resentments, none but I,
 Can well Imagine and Condole ;
 But none can guess *Lisanders* Soul,
 But those who sway'd his Destiny :
 His silent griefs swell up to Storms,
 And not one God his fury spares,
 He curst his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
 But more the Shepherdesses Charms ;
 Whose soft bewithing influence,
 Had damn'd him to the Depth of Impotence.

*On a Guiniper Tree now cut
 down to make Busks.*

“ **W** Hilst happy I triumphant stood,
 The pride and glory of the Wood,
 My *Aromatick* Boughs, and Fruit,
 Did with all other Trees dispute ;
 Had right by Nature to excell,
 In pleasing both the Taste and smell.

But

But to the touch I must confess,
 Bore an a willing fullness :
 My Wealth, like bashfull Virgins, I
 Yielding with some reluctancy ;
 For which my value shou'd be more,
 Not giving easily my store.
 My Verdant Branches, all the year,
 Did an Eternal Beauty wear,
 Did ever young and gay appear,
 Nor needed any Tribute pay,
 For Bounties from the God of Day.
 Nor do I hold Supremacy,
 In all the Wood, o're ev'ry Tree,
 But ev'n to those of my own Race,
 That grew not in this happy place ;
 But that in which I glory most,
 And do my self with reason boast,
 Beneath my shade the other Day,
 Young *Philocles* and *Cloris* lay,
 Upon my Root he plac'd her Head,
 And where I grew he made her Bed ;
 Their trembling Limbs, did gently press,
 The kind supporting yeilding Moss ;
 Ne're half so blest, as now to bear,
 A Swayn so young, a Nymph so fair.
 My grateful Shade, I kindly lent,
 And ev'ry aiding Bough I bent
 So low as sometimes had the Bliss,
 To rob the Shepherd of a Kiss.
 Whilst he in pleasures far above,
 The sense of that degree of Love !
 Permitted ev'ry stealth I made,
 Unjealous of his Rival shade.

I saw 'em kindle to desire !
 Whilst with soft sighs they blew the Fire !
 Saw the approaches of their joy,
 He grow more fierce, and she less coy !
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays ;
 Exchanging Love a thousand ways :
 Kind was the force on ev'ry side,
 Her new desires she cou'd not hide,
 Nor wou'd the Shepherd be deny'd ;
 Impatient he waits no consent,
 But what she gave by languishment,
 The blessed Minute he persu'd,
 Whilst Love her fear and shame suddu'd.
 And now transported in his Arms,
 Yields to the Conqueror all her Charms ;
 His Panting Breast to hers now joyn'd,
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd ;
 Vast and luxuriant, such as prove,
 The immortality of Love.
 For who but a Divinity,
 Cou'd mingle Souls to that degree,
 And melt 'em into Extasie ;
 Where like the *Phoenix* both expire,
 Whilst from the Ashes of their Fire,
 Sprung up a New, and soft desire.
 Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke
 The God, and thrice new vigor took
 And had the Nymph been half so kind,
 As was the Shepherd well inclin'd ;
 The Myst'ry had not ended there,
 But *Cloris* reassum'd her fear,
 And chid the *Swayn*, for having prest,
 What she (alas) cou'd not resist :
 Whilst he, in whom Loves sacred flame,

Before

Before and after was the same,
 Humbly implores she wou'd forget
 That fault, which he wou'd yet repeat :
 From active Joyes with shame they hast,
 To a reflection on the past ;
 A thousand times the Covert bless,
 That did secure their happyness ;
 Their Gratitude to ev'ry Tree
 They pay, and most to happy me !
 The Shepherdess, my Bark carrest,
 Whilst he my Root (Loves Pillow) kist,
 And did with sighs their Fate depløre,
 Since I must shelter 'em no more.
 And if before my Joyes were such,
 In having seen, and heard so much ;
 My griefs must be as great and high,
 When all abandon'd I must lye, }
 Doom'd to a silent Destiny :
 No more the Am'rous strife to hear,
 The Shepherds Vows, the Virgins Fear ;
 No more a Joyful looker on,
 Whilst Loves soft Battle's lost and won.
 With grief I bow'd my murmu'ring Head,
 And all my Christal Dew I shed,
 Which did in *Cloris* pity move ;
Cloris whose Soul is made of love,
 She cut me down, and did translate
 My Being to a happier state :
 My top was on the Alter laid,
 Where Love, his softest offering paid,
 And was as fragant Incence burn'd ;
 My Body into Busks was turn'd :
 Where I still guard the sacred store,
 And of Loves Temple keep the Door.

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To all curious Critics and Ad-
mirers of Meeter.

HAve you not seen the raging Stormy Main
Toss a *Ship* up, then cast her down again?
Sometimes she seems to touch the very *Skies*,
And then again upon the *Sand* she lyes.
Or have you seen a *Bull*, when he is jealous, (lōws?
How he does tear the ground, and Rores and Bel-
Or have you seen the pretty *Turtle Dove*,
When she laments the absence of her love?
Or have you seen the *Faryes* when they sing
And dance with mirth together in a Ring?
Or have you seen our Gallants keep a pudder,
With *Fair* and *Grace*, and *Grace* and *Fair Anstruder*?
Or have you seen the Daughters of *Apollo*,
Pour down their Ryming Liquors in a hollow
Cane? In spongy Brain, congealing into Verse;
If you have seen all this then kiss my *A--se*.

Satyr.

A. **W**Hat *Timon*, does old Age begin t'ap-
(proach,
That thus thou droop'st under a nights debauch?
Hast thou lost deep to needy *Rogues* on Tick,
Who ne're sou'd pay, and must be paid next Week?

F

Tim

Tim. Neither alas, but a dull dining Sot,
 Seiz'd me i'th' *Mall*, who just my name had got ;
 He runs upon me, cries dear Rogue I'm thine,
 With me some *Wits* of thy acquaintance dine.
 I tell him I'm engag'd, but as a Whore
 With modesty enslaves her Spark the more ;
 The longer I deny'd, the more he prest,
 At last I e'ne consent to be his Guest.
 He takes me in his Coach, and as we go,
 Pulls out a Libel of a Sheet or two,
 Insipid, as the praise of th' Fairy Queens,
 Or S——, unassisted former Scenes ;
 Which he admir'd, and Prais'd at ev'ry Line,
 At last it was so sharp it must be mine.
 I vow'd I was no more a *Wit* than he,
 Unpractic'd, and unblest'd in Poetry:
 A Song to *Phillis* I perhaps might make,
 But never Rhym'd, but for my Mistress sake :
 I envy'd no Mans fortune nor his fame.
 Nor ever thought of a revenge so tame.
 He knew my Style, he swore, and 'twas in vain
 Thus to deny the Issue of my Brain.
 Choak'd with his flatt'ry, I no answer make,
 But silent leave him to his dear mistake.
 Of a well meaning Fool, I'm most afraid,
 Who sillily repeats what was well said.
 But this was not the worst when he came home,
 He askt, are S——, Bu——, Sa——, come ?
 No, but there were above *Halfwit* and *Huffe*,
Kickum and *Dingboy*, Oh 'ts well enough,
 They're all brave Fellows, cries mine Host, let's
 I long to have my Belly full of Wine, (Dine,
 They'll write and fight I dare assure you,
 They're Men, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*.

I saw my error, but 'twas now too late.
 No means nor hopes appears of a retreat.
 Well, we salute, and each Man takes his Seat.
 Boy (says my Sot) is my Wife ready yet.
 A Wife good Gods ! a Fop and Bullys too,
 For one poor Meal, what must I undergo ?
 In comes my Lady strait, she had been fair,
 Fit to give Love, and to prevent despair,
 But Age, Beauties incurable Disease,
 Had left her more desire, than pow'r to please.
 As Cocks will strike, although their Spurs be gone,
 She with her old bleer Eyes to snight begun :
 Though nothing else, she (in despite of time)
 Preserv'd the affectation of her prime ;
 However we begun, she brought in love,
 And hardly from that subject wou'd remove,
 We chanc'd to speak of the *French King's* success ;
 My Lady wondr'd much how Heav'n cou'd bless
 A Man, that lov'd two Women at one time ;
 But more how he to them excus'd his Crime.
 She askt *Huffe*, if Loves flame he never felt ?
 He answer'd bluntly--*do you think I'm guelt ?*
 She at his plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,
 Love in young Minds preceeds ev'n Poetry.
 You to that passion can no stranger be,
 But Wits are givento Inconstancy.
 She had run on I think till now, but Meat
 Came up, and suddenly she took her Seat.
 I thought the Dinner wou'd make some amends,
 When my good Host crys out, y'are all my Frinds,
Our own plain Fare, and the best Terse the Bull
Affords, I'll give you, and your Bellies full :
 As for *French Kickshaws, Cellery, and Champoon,*
Ragous and Fricasses, in troth we've none,

Here's a good Dinner towards thought I, when
(strait

Up comes a piece of Beef, full Horsmans weight;
Hard as the Arse of *M——*, under which
The Coachman sweats, as Ridden by a Witch.
A Dish of Carrets, each of 'em as long
As Tool, that to fair Countess did belong;
Which her small *Pillow* cou'd not so well hide,
But *Visitors* his flaming Head espy'd,
Pig, Goose, and Capon follow'd in the Rear,
With all that Country Bumpkins call good Cheer:
Serv'd up with Sauces all of Eighty Eight,
When our tough Youth, wrestled and threw the
(Weight;

And now the Bottle briskly flies about,
Instead of Ice, wrapt in a cold wet Clowt,
A brimmer follows the third bit we eat,
Small Bear becomes our drink, and Wine our meat.
The Table was so large, that in less space,
A Man might save six old *Italians* place:
Each Man had as much room as *Porter B——*,
Or *Harris* had in *Cullens Bushel C--*,
And now the Wine began to work, mine Host
Had been a *Collonel*, we must hear him boast
Not of Towns won, but an Estate he lost
For the Kings Service, which indeed he spent
Whoreing, and Drinking, but with good intent
He talkt muck of a Plot, and Mony lent
In *Crummel's* time. My Lady she
Complain'd our love was coarse, our Poetry
Unfit for modest Ears, small Whores and Play'ers
Were of our Hair-brain'd Youth, the only cares;
Who were too wild for any virtuous *League*,
Too rotten to consummate an intrigue.

Falkland

Falkland she prais'd, and *Sucklings* easie Pen,
 And seem'd to tast their former parts agen.
 Mine Host drinks to the best in Christendom,
 And decently my Lady quits the Room.
 Left to our selves, of several things we prate,
 Some regulate the *Stage*, and some the *State* ;
Halfwit, cries up my Lord of O——,
 Ah how well *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* dye !
 His sense so little forc'd that by one Line,
 You may the other easily divine.

*And which is worse, if any worse can be,
 He never said one word of it to me.*

There's fine Poetry ! you'd swear 'twere Prose,
 So litle on the Sence, the Rhymes impose.
 Ram me (says *Dingboy*) in my mind Cot's nouns,
E—— writes *Airy Songs*, and soft *Lampoons*,
 The best of any Man ; as for your *Nouns*,
Grammer, and Rules of Art, he knows them nor,
 Yet writ two talking Plays without one plot.
Huffe, was for *Settle*, and *Moroco* prais'd, (rais'd.
 Said rumbling words, like Drums his courage
Whose broad-built-balks, the boyst'rous Billows bear,
Zaphee and Sally, Mugadore, Oran,
The fam'd Arzile, Alcazer, Tituan.

Was ever braver Language writ by Man ?

Kickum for Crown declar'd, said in Romance,
 He had out done the very Wits of France.

Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles* the Eighth,
 Where a young Monarch, careless of his Fate,
 Though Forreign Troops and Rebels shock his

(State,

Complains another sight afflicts him more
 (Viz.) The Queens Gallies rowing from the shore

Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gon ;
Whilst sporting Waves smil'd on the rising Sun.
 Waves smiling on the Sun ! I am sure that's new,
 And 'twas well thought on, give the Devil his due,
 Mine Host, who had said nothing in an hour,
 Rose up and prais'd the *Indian* Emperour.

As if our Old World modestly withdrew,
And here in private had brought forth a new.
 There are two Lines ! who but he durst presume
 To make the old World a withdrawing Room,
 Where of another World she's brought to Bed !
 What a brave Midwife is a *Laureat's* Head !

But shame of all these Scribblers, what do'e think.
 Will *Souches* this year any Champoon Drink ?
 Will *Turenne* fight him ? without doubt says *Huffe*,
 If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.
 Sink me (says *Dingboy*) they *French* Cowards are,
 They pay but, th' *English*, *Scots* and *Swiss* make
 In gawdy Troops, at a review they shine, (War,
 But dare not with the *Germans* Battle joyn ;
 What now appears like courage, is not so,
 'Tis a short pride, which from success does grow ;
 On their first blow, they'l shrink into those fears,
 They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Agincourt*, *Poytiers* ;
 Their loss was infamous, Honour so strain'd,
 Is by a Nation not to be regain'd. (brave,
 What they were then I know not, now th'are
 He that denies it, lyes and is a Slave,
 (Says *Huffe* and frown'd) says *Dingby* that do I,
 And at that word, at t'others Head let fly
 A greasie Plate, when suddenly they all
 Together by the Ears in Parties fall.

Halfwit with Dingboy Joyns, Kickum with Huffle,
 Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'em cuff,
 Till they, mine Host, and I, had all enough,
 Their rage once over, they begin to treat,
 And six fresh Bottles must the peace compleat.
 I ran down stairs, with a Vow never more,
 To drink Beer Glass, and hear the *Hectors* roar.

A Session of the Poets.

Since the Sons of the Muses grew hum'rous and
 loud, (Crowd;
 For th'appeasing so factious and clam'rous a
Apollo thought fit in so weighty a cause,
 T'establish a Government, Leader and Laws.
 The hopes of the Bays at this summoning call,
 Had drawn 'em together the Devil and all;
 All thronging and listning, they gap'd for the
 Blessing, (pressing:
 No *Presbyter* Sermon had more crowding and
 In the Head of the Gang *John Dryden* appear'd,
 That Antient grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd,
 But *Apollo*, had heard a Story 'ith' Town,
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black Gown,
 And so gave him leave now his Poetry's done,
 To let him turn Priest, now R——, is turn'd Nun.

This Reverend Author was no ſooner ſet by,
But *Apollo* had got gentle *George* in his Eye,
And frankly confeſt of all Men that writ, (Wit
There's none had more fancy, ſenſe, Judgment, and

But th' crying Sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
That his long seven years' silence was not to be
(pardon'd.

Brawny *W---*, was the next Man shen'd his Face,
But *Apollo* e'ne thought him too good for the Place;
No Gentleman Writer that Office shou'd bear,
'Twas a Trader in Wit, that the *Lawrel* shou'd wear }
As none but a *Citt* e're makes a Lord Mayor.

Next into the Crowd *Tom Shadwell* does wallow,
And swears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,
'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age,
Himself, and his Wife, have supported the Stage.

Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a Lad,
T' oblige him, he told him he shou'd be huge glad, }
Had he half so much Wit as he fancy'd he had.
However to please so Jovial a Wit,

And to keep him in humour, *Apollo* thought fit
To bid him drink on, and keep his Old Trick,
Of railing at Poets, and showing his *P*——

Nat Lee stept in next, in hopes of a Prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in Thrice;
By the Rubys in's Face, he cou'd not deny,
But he had as much Wit, as Wine cou'd supply;
Confest that indeed he had a Musical Note,
But sometimes strain'd so hard, that he ratled ith'
(Throat ;

Yet owning he had sense t' encourage him for't,
He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's* Court.

Poet *Settle* his Tryal was the next came about,
He brought him an *Ibrahim*, with the Preface torn
(out ;

And humbly desir'd he might give no offence;
O Ram me, cries *Shadwell*, he cannot write sense,

And

And Rat him, cry'd *Newport*, I hate that dull *Rogue*;
Apollo, considering he was not in vogue,
 Wou'd not trust his dear *Bays*, with so modest a

(Fool,

And bid the great Boy, shou'd be sent back to School.

Tom Ottway came next T--S—, dear *Zany*;
 And swears, for *Heroicks*, he writes best of any;
Don Carlos his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
 That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were
 (all kill'd.

But *Apollo* had seen his Dull Face on the Stage, }
 And prudently did not think fit to engage, }
 The scum of a Play-house, for the Prop of an Age. }
 In the num'rous Herd that encompass him round,
 Little starcht *Jonny Crown* at his Elbow he found,
 His *Crevat-string* new Iron'd, he gently did stretch
 His Lilly white hand out, the *Lawrel* to reach,
 Alledging that he had most right to the *Bays*,
 For writing Romances, and shiting of Plays.

Apollo rose up, and gravely confest,
 Of all Men that writ, his Talent was best;
 For since pain and dishonour Mans life only damn,
 The greatest felicity Mankind can claim,
 Is to want sense of smart, and be past sense of
 (shame:

And to perfect his Bliss, in Poetical Rapture,
 He bid him be dull to the end of the Chapter.

The Poetress *Afra*, next shew'd her sweet Face,
 And swore by her Poetry and her black Ace,
 The *Lawrel* by a double right was her own, (won:
 For the Plays she had writ, and the Conquests she'd
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
 Yet to deal frankly and ingeiously by her,

He

He told her, were *Conquests* and *Charms* her pre-
(tence,
She ought to have pleaded a Dozen years since.

Anababaluthu put in for a share,

And little *Tom Effenses* Author was there.

Nor cou'd *Durfy* forbear for the *Lawrel* to stickle,

Protesting he had the Honor to tickle (*Fickle.* }

The Ears of the Town, with his dear *Madam*

With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse
But that they're too long now to stand in my Verse,

Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious *Harrangue*, }

Finds at last *Tom Betterton's* face in the gang, }

And since Poets with the kind Play'rs may hang,

By his own light, he solemnly swore,

That in search of a *Laureat*, he'd look out no more.

A general murmur run quite through the Hall, }

To think that the *Bays* to an *Astor* shou'd fall, }

But *Apollo*, to quiet and pacifie all,

En'e told 'em Plays to put his desert to the Test,

That he had made as well as the best ;

And was the great'st wonder the Age ever bore,

For of all the *Play-Scribblers*, that e're writ before,

His wit had most worth, and most modesty in't,

For he had writ Plays, that yet ne're came in Print.

Upon the Author of a Play call'd Sodom.

TELL me abandon'd *Miscreant*, prethee tell,
What damned Pow'r invok'd and sent from
Hell ; (If

(If Hell were bad enough) did thee inspire,
 To write what Fiends altham'd would blushing
 Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*? (hear :
 And us'd the lewd Familiar for a Muse?
 Or didst thy Soul, by Inch oth' Candle sell,
 To gain the glorious Name of Pimp to Hell?
 If so; go, and its vow'd Allegiance swear,
 Without Press-Money, be its Voluntier:
 May he who envies thee, deserve thy fate, (hate.
 Deserve both Heav'ns, and Mankinds scorn and
 Disgrace to Libels! Foyl to very shame,
 Whom 'tis a scandal to vauchsafe to damn.
 What foul description's foul enough for thee,
 Sunk quit below the reach of infamy?
 Thou covet'st to be lewd, but want'st the might,
 And art all over Devil but in Wit.
 Weak feeble Strainer, at meer ribaldry,
 Whose Muse is impotent to that degree,
 That needs like Age, be whipt to Lechery. }
 Vile Set! who clapt with Poetry art sick,
 And void'st Corruption, like one Gallick Sick,
 Like Ulcers, thy impostum'd Addle Brains
 Drop out in Matter which thy Paper stains,
 Whence nauseous Rhymes, by filthy Births proceed,
 As Maggots, in some Turd, ingendring breed.
 Thy Muse has got the Flow'rs, and they ascend,
 As in some Green-sik Girl, at upper end,
 Sure Nature made, or meant at least t'have don't,
 Thy Tongue a Clytoris, thy Mouth a &c.
 How well a *Dildo*e wou'd that place become,
 To gag it up, and make 't for ever dumb?
 At least it shou'd be Syring'd——
 Or wear some stinking Merkin for a Beard,
 That all from its base converse might be scar'd.

As they a Door shut up and mark'd, beware,
 That tells infection, and the Plague is there.
 Thou *Moorfields* Author, fit for Bawds to quote,
 (If Bawds themselves, with Honor safe may do't)
 When Suburb Prentice comes to hire delight,
 And want incentives to dull Appetite, (hearse,
 There Punk perhaps, may thy brave wroks re-
 Gulling the senseless thing with Prose and Verse,
 Which after shall (preferr'd to dressing Box)
 Hold Turpentine, and Med'cines for the Pox.
 Or (if I may ordain a Fate more fit)
 For such foul, nasty Excrements of Wit,
 May they condemn'd to th' publick Jakes be lent, }
 For me I'd fear the Piles in vengeance sent, }
 Shou'd I with them prophane my Fundament) }
 There bugger wiping Porters when they shite,
 And so thy Book it self turn Sodomite.

Ephelia to Bajazet.

HOW far are they deceiv'd who hope in vain,
 A lasting Lease of joys from Love t' obtain ?
 All the dear sweets we promise, or expect
 After enjoyment, turns to cold neglect.
 Cou'd love, a constant happiness have known,
 The mighty wonder had in me been shown,
 Our passions were so favoured by Fate,
 As if she meant 'em an Eternal Date ;
 So kind he look'd, such tender words he spoke,
 'Twas past belief such Vows shou'd e're be broke.
 Fixt on my Eyes, how often wou'd he say,
 He cou'd with pleasure gaze an Age away ! When

When thoughts, too great for words, had made him
 In kisses he woud tell my hand his Suit. (mute,
 So great his passion was, so far above
 The common Gallantrys, that pass for love,
 At worst I thought if he unkind shou'd prove,
 His ebbing passion wor'd be kinder far,
 Than the first transports of all others are.
 Nor was my love, or tendness less than his,
 In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliss ;
 For him my duty to my Friends forgot,
 For him I lost, alas ! what lost I not ?
 Fame, all the valuable things of life,
 To meet his love, by a less name than Wife:
 How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
 When this great Man lay panting on my Breast,
 Looking such things as ne're can be exprest !
 Thousand fresh looks he gave me ev'ry hour,
 Whilst greedily I did his looks devour !
 Till quite o'recome with Charms, I trembling lay,
 At ev'ry look he gave, melted away !
 I was so highly happy in his love,
 Methoughts I pittid them that dwelt above !
 Think then thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man,
 How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then
 My faithless dear, be cruel if you can !
 How, I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,
 No, every act has shown, I lov'd too well,
 Since first I saw you, I ne're had a thought,
 Was not entirely yours, to you I brought
 My Virgin Innocence, and freely made
 My love an Offering to your noble Bed ;
 Since when, y'ave been the Star by which I steer'd,
 And nothing else but you I lov'd or fear'd.

Your

Your smiles, I only live by, and I must,
 When e're you frown, be shatter'd into Dust.
 Oh! can the coldness that you shew me now,
 Suit with the gen'rous heat you once did shew?
 I cannot live on pitty or respect,
 A thought so mean, wou'd my whole love infect;
 Less than your love, I scorn Sir to expect. }
 Let me not live in dull indifferency,
 But give me rage enough to make me dye!
 For if from you, I needs must meet my Fate,
 Before your pitty, I wou'd choose your hate,

*A very Heroical Epistle in
 Answer to Ephelia.*

Madam,

IF you'r deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat,
 For all disguises are below the great.
 What Man or Woman upon Earth can say,
 I ever us'd 'm well above a day?
 How is it then, that I inconstant am?
 He changes not, who always is the same.
 In my dear self, I center ev'ry thing,
 My Servants, Friends, my Mrs. and my King, }
 Nay Heav'n and Earth, to that one poynt I bring. }
 Well-manner'd, honest, generous, and stout,
 Names by dull Fools, to plague Mankind found out,
 Shou'd I regard, I must my self constrain,
 And 'tis my *Maxim*, to avoid all pain.
 You fondly look for what none e're cou'd find,
 Deceive your self, and then call me unkind, And

And by false Reasons, wou'd my falshood prove,
 For 'tis as natural to change, as love :
 You may as justly at the Sun repine,
 Because alike it does not always shine,
 No glorious thing was ever made to stay,
 My blazing Star but visits and away.
 As fatal too it shines, as those 'ith' Skyes,
 'Tis never seen, but some great Lady dyes,
 The boasted favour, you so precious hold,
 To me's no more than changing of my Gold ;
 What e're you gave, I paid you back in Bliss,
 Then where's the Obligation pray of this ?
 If heretofore you found grace in my Eyes,
 Be thankful for it, and let that suffice,
 But Women, Beggar-like, still haunt the Door,
 Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.
 Oh happy *Sultan* ! whom we Barb'rous call,
 How much refin'd art thou above us all :
 Who envies not the Joys of thy *Serail*?
 Thee, like some God, the trembling Crowd adore,
 Each Man's thy Slave, and Woman-kind thy Whore.
 Methinks I see thee underneath the Shade
 Of Golden Canopy, supinely laid,
 Thy crowding Slaves, all silent as the Night,
 But at thy nod, all active as the light !
 Secure in Solid Sloth, thou there dost reign,
 And feel'st the Joys of Love, without the pain.
 Each Female courts thee with a wishing Eye,
 While thou with awful pride walk'st careless by ;
 Till thy kind Pledge, at last, marks out the Dame
 Thou fancy'st most, to quench thy present flame.
 Then from the Bed, submissive she retires,
 And thankful for the grace, no more requires.

No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcome sound,
 Of Womens Tongues thy Sacred Ear does wound;
 If any do, a nimble Mute, strait tyes
 The True-loves knot, and stops her foolish cries.
 Thou fear'st no injur'd Kinsmans threatening Blade,
 Nor Midnight Ambushes, by Rivals laid;
 While here with aking Hearts our Joys we tast
 Disturb'd by Swords, like *Democles* his Feast.

On Poet Ninny.

CRusht by that just contempt his Follies bring
 On his craz'd Head, the Vermine fain wou'd
 But never Satyr did so softly bite, (sting.
 Or gentle *George* himself more gently write.
 Born to no others but thy own disgrace,
 Thou art a thing so wretched and so base, }
 Thou canst not ev'n offend, but with thy Face.
 And dost at once a sad example prove,
 Of harmless malice and of hopeless Love.
 All pride! and ugliness! oh how we loath,
 A nauseous Creature, so compos'd of both!
 How oft have we thy Cap'ring Person seen,
 With dismal loost and Melancholly Meen,
 The just reverse of *Nokes*, when he wou'd be,
 Some mighty *Heroe*, and makes love like thee!
 Thou art below being laught at out of spight, }
 Men gaze upon thee as a hideous sight,
 And cry, there goes the Melancholly Knight.
 There are some modest Fools, we dayly see,
 Modest and dull, why they are Wits to thee!

For

For of all Folly, sure the very top,
 Is a conceited *Ninny* and a Fop.
 With Face of Farce, joyn'd to a Head Romancy,
 There's no such Coxcomb as your Fool of fancy :
 But 'tis too much on so despis'd a Theam.
 No Man wou'd dabble in a dirty Stream :
 The worst that I cou'd write, wou'd be no more,
 Than what thy very Friends have said before.

*Upon Love fondly refus'd for
 Conscience sake.*

Nature, Creations Law, is judg'd by sense,
 Not by the Tyrant Conscience,
 Then our commission gives us leave to do,
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to :
 For we must question else, Heavens great decree,
 And tax it with a treachery ;
 If things made sweet to tempt our appetite,
 Should with a guilt stain the delight.
 Higher powers rule us, our selves can nothing do ;
 Who made us Love, has made Love Lawful too.
 It was not Love, but Love transform'd to Vice,
 Ravish'd with envious Avarice,
 Made Women first impropriate ; all were free,
 Inclosures Mens inventions be.
 Pth' Golden Age no actions could be found,
 For trespass on my Neighbour's ground :
 'Twas just with any Fair to mix our Blood ;
 The best is most diffusive good.

No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcome sound,
 Of Womens Tongues thy Sacred Ear does wound;
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 Inclosures Mens inventions be.
 P'th' Golden Age no actions could be found,
 For trespass on my Neighbour's ground :
 'Twas just with any Fair to mix our Blood ;
 The best is most diffusive good.

She that confines her Beams to one mans sight,
Is a dark-Lanthon to a glorious light.

Say, does the Virgin-spring less chaste appear
Cause many thirsts are quenched there?

Or have you not with the same odours met,
When more have smelt your Violet?

The *Phoenix* is not angry at her Nest,
Cause her perfumes make others blest;
Though Incense to th'eternal Gods be meant,
Yet mortals Rival in the scent.

Man is the Lord of Creatures, yet we see
That all his Vassals Loves are free.

The severe Wedlock fetters do not binde
The *Pard's* inflam'd and Amorous mind,
But that he may be like a Bridegroom led
Even to the Royal Lyons Bed.

The Birds may for a year their Loves confine,
But make new choise each *Valentine*.

If our affections then more servile be
Than are our Slaves, where's Mans Sovereignty?
Why then by pleasing more, should you less please,
And spare the sweets, being more sweet than these
If the fresh Trunk have sap enough to give,

That each insertive branch may live;
The Gard'ner Grafts not only Apples there,
But adds the Warden and the Pear,

The Peach and Apricock together grow,
The Cherry and the Damson too,
Till he hath made by skillful Husbandry
An intire Orchard of one Tree;

So lest our Paradise perfection want,
We may as well Inoculate as Plant.

What's Conscience but a Bedlams midnight theam?
Or nodding Nurses idle dream?

So feign'd, as are the *Goblins, Elves* and *Fairies*,
 To watch their Orchards and their Daries.
 For who can tell when first her reign begun ?
 I'th' state of innocence was none :
 And since *large* Conscience (as the Proverb shews)
 In the same sence with *bad* one goes,
 The less the better then, whence this will fall,
 'Tis to be perfect to have none at all :
 Suppose it be a vertue rich and pure,
 'Tis not for Spring, or Summer sure,
 Nor yet for Autumn ; Love must have his prime,
 His warmer Heats, and harvest time.
 Till we have flourish'd, grown, and reap'd our wishes,
 What Conscience dares oppose our kisses ?
 But when times colder Hand leads us near home,
 Then let that Winter Vertue come :
 Frost is all then prodigious, we may do
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to.

A pastoral Courtship.

BEhold these Woods, and mark my Sweet
 How all these boughs together meet !
 The Ceder his fair Arms displays,
 And mixes branches with the Bayes.
 The lofty Pine dains to descend,
 And sturdy Oakes do gently bend
 One with another subt'ly Weaves
 Into one Loom their various leaves ;
 As all ambitious were to be
 Mine and my *Phyllis* canopy !

Let's enter and discourse our Loves ;
 These are, my dear, no tell-tale Groves !
 There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrots there,
 To prate again the words they hear.
 Nor babbling Eccho, that will tell
 The Neighbouring Hills one syllable,
 Being enter'd let's together lye,
 Twin'd like the Zodiacks *Gemini* !
 How sweet the Flowers do sweeter smell ?
 And all with emulation swell
 To be thy Pillow ? These for thee
 Were meant a Bed, and thou for me,
 And I may with as just esteem
 Press thee, as thou mayst lye on them.
 And why so coy ? What dost thou fear ?
 There lurks no speckled Serpent here.
 No Venomous Snake makes this his Road,
 No Canker, nor the loathsome Toad.
 And yon poor Spider on the Tree,
 Thy Spinster, will no poysoner be,
 There is no Frog to leap and fright
 Thee from my Arms, and break delight ;
 Nor Snail that o're thy Coat shall trace,
 And leave behind a slimy Lace,
 This is the hallowed shrine of *Love*,
 No Wasp nor Hornet haunts this Grove,
 Nor Pismire to make Pimples rise
 Upon thy smooth and Ivory Thighs.
 No danger in these shades doth lye,
 Nothing that wears a sting, but I :
 And in it doth no Venom dwell,
 Although perchance it make thee swell.
 Being set, let's sport a while my fair,
 I will tie Love knots in thy Hair.

See *Zephyrus* through the leaves doth stray,
 And has free liberty to play,
 And braids thy Locks; And shall I find
 Less favour than a saucy wind?
 Now let me sit, and fix my Eyes
 On thee, that art my Paradise.
 Thou art my all; the spring remains
 In the fair violets of thy Viens:
 And that it is a Summers day,
 Ripe Cherries in thy Lips display.
 And when for Autumn I would seek,
 'Tis in the Apples of thy Cheek.
 But that which only moves my smart,
 Is to see Winter in thy Heart.
 Strange, when at once in one appear,
 All the four seasons of the year!
 I'll clasp that Neck where should be set
 A rich and Orient Carcanet;
 But Swains are poor, admit of then
 More natural Chains, the Arms of Men.
 Come let me touch those Breasts that Swell
 Like two fair Mountains, and may well
 Be stil'd the Alpes, but that I fear
 The Snow has much less whiteness there.
 But stay (my Love) a fault I spy
 Why are these two fair Fountains dry?
 Which if they run, no Muse would please
 To tast of any Spring but these.
 And *Ganymed* employ'd shou'd be
 To fetch his *Jove Nectar* from thee.
 Thou shalt be Nurse fair *Venus* swears,
 To the next *Cupid* that she bears.
 Were it not then discreetly done
 To ope one spring to let two run?

Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's mint,
 Blushes to see no coyn stamp't in't.
 Employ it then, for though it be
 Our wealth, it is your Royalty;
 And beauty will have currant grace
 That bears the Image of your face.
 How to the touch the Ivory Thighs
 Veil gently, and again do rise,
 As pleyable to the impression
 As Virgins Wax, or *Barian* Stone
 Dissolv'd to softness; plump and full,
 More white and soft than *Cotſal* Wool,
 Or Cotten from the *Indian* Tree,
 Or pretty Silk-worms Huswifery.
 These on two Marble Pillars rais'd,
 Make me in doubt which should be prais'd;
 They or their Columnes most; but when
 I view those Feet that I have seen
 So nimble trip it o're the Lawns,
 That all the *Satyrs* and the Fawns
 Have stood amaz'd, when they would pass
 Over the layes, and not a Grass
 Would feel the weight, nor Rush, nor Bent,
 Drooping betray which way you went;
 O then I felt my hot desires
 Burn more, and flame with double Fires.
 Come let those Thighs, those Legs, those Feet
 With mine in thousand windings meet.
 And Woven in more subtile twines
 Than Woodbine, Ivy, or the Vines.
 For when Love sees us circling thus
 He'll be like no Arbour more than us.
 Now let us kiss, would you be gone?
 Manners at least allows me one.

Blush

Blush you at this ? pretty one stay,
 And I will take that kiss away.
 Thus with a second, and that too
 A third wipes off; so will we go
 To numbers that the Stars out-run,
 And all the Atoms in the Sun.
 For though we kiss till *Phœbus* ray
 Sink in the Seas, and kissing stay
 Till his bright Beams return again,
 There can of all but one remain :
 And if for one good manners call,
 In one, good manners, grant me all.

Are kisses all ? they but fore-run
 Another duty to be done.
 What would you of that Minstrel say
 That tunes his Pipes and will not play ?
 Say what are Blossoms in their prime,
 That ripen not in Harvest time ?
 Or what are Buds that ne're disclose
 The long'd for sweetness of the Rose ?
 So kisses to a Lover's guest
 Are invitations, not the feast.
 See every thing that we espy,
 Is Fruitful saving you and I :
 View all the Fields, survey the Bowers,
 The Buds, the Blossoms and the Flowers.
 And say, if they so rich could be
 In barren base Virginity.
 Earth's not so coy as you are now,
 But willingly admits the Plow.
 For how had Man or Beast been fed,
 If she had kept her Maiden-head ?
Celia once coy as are the rest,
 Hangs now a babe on either Breast,

And *Cloris* since a Man she took,
 Has less of Greenness in her look.
 Our Ewes have yeau'd, and every dam
 Gives suck unto her tender Lamb.
 As by these Groves we walk'd along,
 Some Birds were feeding of their young.
 Some on their Eggs did brooding sit,
 Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet;
 Those that were slower than the rest,
 VVere busie building of the Nest,
 You only will not pay the fine,
 You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
 As you were Angling in the Brook
 With Silken Line and Silver Hook,
 Through Chrystal streams you might descry
 How vast and numberless a fry
 The Fish hath spawn'd, that all along
 The Banks were crowded with the throng.
 And shall fair *Venus* more command
 By Water than she does by Land?
 The *Phoenix* chaste, yet when she dies,
 Her self with her own Ashes lies.
 But let thy Love more wisely thrive
 To do the act while th'art alive.
 'Tis time we let our Childish Love
 That trades for toys, and now approve
 Our abler skill, they are not wise
 Look babies only in the Eyes.
 That smother'd smile shews what you meant,
 And modest silence gives consent.
 That which we now prepare, will be
 Best done in silent secrecie:
 Come do not weep, what is't you fear?
 Lest some should know what we did here.

See

See, not a Flower you prest is dead,
 But re-erects his bending Head ;
 That whosoe're shall pass this way,
 Knows not by these where *Phillis* lay.
 And in your forehead there is none
 Can read the act that we have done.

Phillis.

Poor credulous and simple Maid !
 By what strange wiles art thou betraid :
 A treasure thou hast lost to day,
 For which thou canst no ransom pay.
 How black art thou, transform'd with Sin!
 How strange a guilt gnaws me within ?
 Grief will convert this red to pale ;
 When every Wake, and Whitsund-ale
 Shall talk my shame; break, break sad heart
 There is no Med'cine for my smart,
 No Herb nor Balm can cure my sorrow,
 Unless you meet again to morrow.

Captain Ramble.

Whilst *Dans* were knocking at my Door,
 I lay in Bed with wreeking *W*——,
 With Back so weak, and Tool so sore
 You'd wonder.

I rous'd my *Doe*, and lac'd her Gown,
 I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,
 She pist and then I drove her down
 Like Thunder.

From

From Chamber then I went to Dinner,
And drank small Beër like mornful Sinner,
But still I thought the Duce was in her

Clitoris.

I sat at *Muscots* in the dark,
And heard a Tradesman and a Spark,
A Scrivener and a Lawyers Clark,
Tell Stories.

From thence I went with muffled Face,
'To the Dukes House, and took a place,
In which I Spew'd, may't please his Grace,
or Highneis.

Should I been hang'd I cou'd not choose
But laugh at *Whores* who dropt from Stews,
Seeing that *Mrs. Marg'ret Hughs*
So fine is.

When play was done I call'd a Link,
Hearing some paultry pieces chink
Within my Breeches, how d'ye think
I employ'd 'em?

Why, Sir, I went to *Mrs. Speerings*,
Where some were Curling, others Swearing,
Never a Barrel better Herring,
Per fidem.

Sevens the main, 'tis Eight or Ram me,
'Tis Six (said I) as God shall save me;
And being true, they cou'd not blame me
So Saying.

Save me! quoth one, what Shameroon
Is this, has beg'd an Afternoon
Of's Mother, to go up and down
A playing?

Now

Now this to me was worse than killing,
 Mistake me not for I am willing,
 And able both, to drop a Shilling,
 Or Two Sir.

Well said my Lad, Quoth *Bully Hack*,
 With *Whiskers* stern and *Cordibeck*
 Pinn'd up behind, his scabby-Neck
 To shew Sir.

With Mangy Fist, he graspt the Box,
 Giving the Table bloody knocks,
 Calling upon the Plague and Pox
 T' assist him.

Ten Shillings from me he did snatch,
 He'd like to have made a quick dispatch,
 Nor wou'd Times Register, my Watch,
 Have mist him,

As luck wou'd have it in came *Will*,
 Perceiving things went very ill,
 Quoth he, thou'dst better go and swill
 Canary.

We steer'd our Course to *Dragon Green*,
 Which is in *Fleet-street* to be seen,
 Where we drank Wine, not foul, but clean
 Contrary.

Out Host Ecliped *Edward Hammon*
 Presented slice of Bacon Gammon,
 Which made us swallow Sack, as Salmon
 Does Water.

Being over warm'd with last debauch,
 I grew as drunk as any Roach,
 When hot Bak'd *Wardens* did approach,
 Or later.

But see the curst confounded fate,
 Attends on drinking Wine so late,
 I drew my Tool on honest *Kate*
 O'th'Kitchin.

Which *Hammons* Wife cou'd not endure,
 I told her though she look'd demure,
 That she came lately, I was sure,
 From Bitching.

And having now discharg'd the House,
 We did reserve a gentle Soufe,
 With which we drank another Rouse,
 At the Bar.

And now good Christians all attend,
 To drunkenness pray put an end,
 I do advise you as a Friend,
 And Neighbour.

For lo ! that mortal here behold,
 Who cautious was in days of old,
 Is now become, rash, sturdy, bold,
 And free Sir.

For having scapt the Tavern so,
 There never was a greater Foe,
 Encountr'd yet by *Pompey*, no
 Nor *Cæsar*.

A Cunnable both stern and dread,
 Who is from Mustard, Brooms, and Thread,
 Preferr'd to be the *Brainless-head*
 O'th'People.

A Gown, had on with Age made gray,
 A Hat too, which as Folks do say,
 Is Sir-nam'd to this very day,
 A Steeple.

His Staff, which knew as well as he,
 The business of Authority,
 Stood bold upright at sight of me,
 Most true 'tis.

The *Bilbo-Guard*, that hither come,
 To keep the Kings Peace, safe at home,
 Yet cannot keep the *Virmin* from
 Their *Cutis*.

Stand, stand, says one, and come before,
 You lye said I, like a Son of a *W*——
 I can't nor will not stand, that's more
 D'ye mutter.

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,
 Your Officer, ith' *May-pole-Hat*,
 I'll make as drunk as any Rat,
 Or Otter.

The Cunstable began to swell,
 Although he lik'd the motion well,
 Quoth he my Frinds, this I must tell
 You clearly.

The Pestilence you can't forget,
 Nor th' dispute with the *Dutch*, nor yet
 The dreadful Fire that made us get
 Up early.

From which (quoth he) I this infer,
 To have a Bodies Conscience clear,
 Excelleth any costly Cheer,
 Or Banquet.

Besides (and faith I think he wept)
 Were it not better you had kept,
 Within your Chamber, and have slept
 In *Blank et*.

But I'll advice you by and by,
 -- A shame of all advice said I,
 Your *Janizaries* look as dry,
 As *Vulcan*.

We came not here to talk of Sin,
--Come-here's a Shilling fetch it in,
Our business now is to begin,
A full Can.

At last I made the Watch men drunk,
Examin'd here and there a Punk,
And then away to Bed I slunk,
To hide it.

Now these my wishes are to you,
Who will those dangers not Escue,
That ye may all go home and speake,
As I did.

As Concerning Man.

TO what intent or purpose was Man made,
 Who is by Birth to misery betray'd?
 Man in his tedious course of life runs through
 More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew.
 Doctors, Divines, grave Disputations, Puns,
 Ill looking Citizens and scurvy Duns;
 Insipid Squires, fat Bishops, Deans and Chapters,
 Enthusiasts, Prophecies, new Rants and Raptures;
 Pox, Gout, Catarrhs, old Sores, Cramps, Rheums
 (and Aches;
 Half witted Lords, double chin'd Bawds with
 (Patches;
 Illiterate Courtiers, Chancery Suits for Life,
 A teasing Whore, and a more tedious Wife;

Raw

(III)

Raw Inns of Court men, empty Fops, Buffoons,
Bullies robust, round Aldermen, and Clowns ;
Gown-men which argue, and discuss, and prate,
And vent dull Notions of a future State ;
Sure of another World, yet do not know
Whether they shall be fav'd, or damn'd, or how.

'Twere better then that Man had never been;
Than thus to be perplex'd : *God save the Queen.*

On Rome's Pardon.

IF *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,
And if those Pardons can be bought and sold,
It were no Sin, t'adore, and worship Gold.

If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,
For Sins they may commit in time to come,
And for Sins past, 'tis very well for *Rome*.

At this rate they are happy 'st that have most ;
They'll purchase Heav'n at their own proper cost ;
Alas ! the Poor ! all that are so, are lost.

Whence came this knack, or when did it begin ?
What Author have they, or who brought it in ?
Did *Christ* e're keep a *Custom-house* for Sin ?

Some subtile Devil, without more ado,
 Did certainly this sly invention brew,
 To gull 'em of their *Souls*, and *Money* too.

FINIS.

